JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 13, 1932

£20,000 MUST BE WON SEE PAGE 36

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LI.
No. 1333.

JOHN BULL

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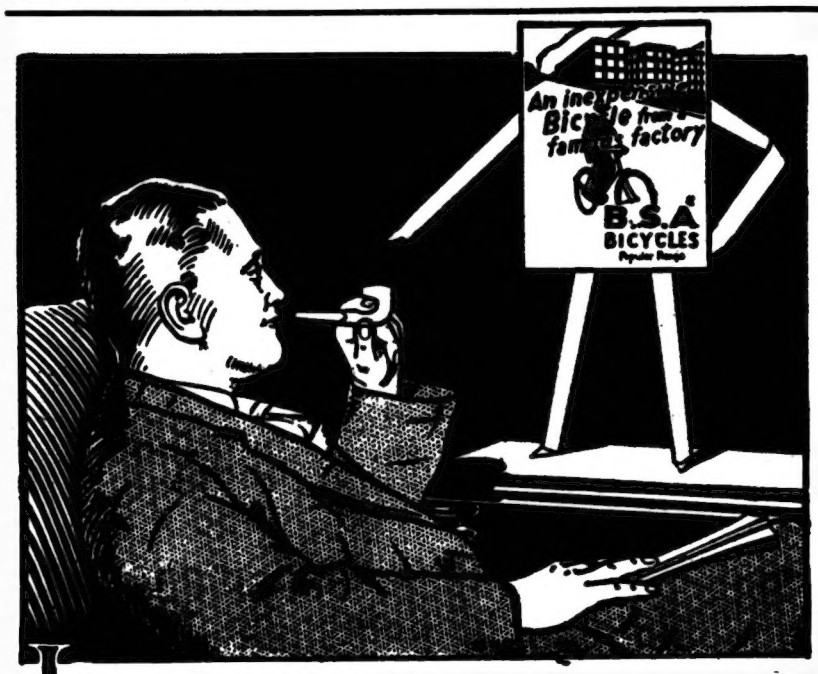

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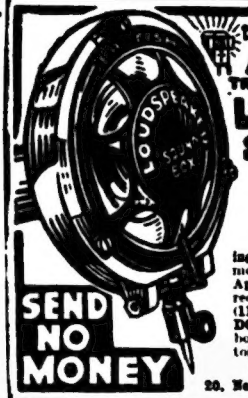

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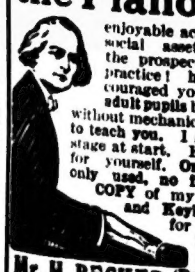

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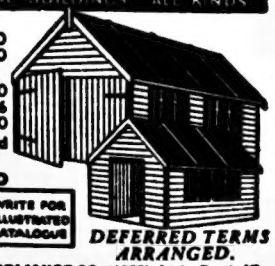

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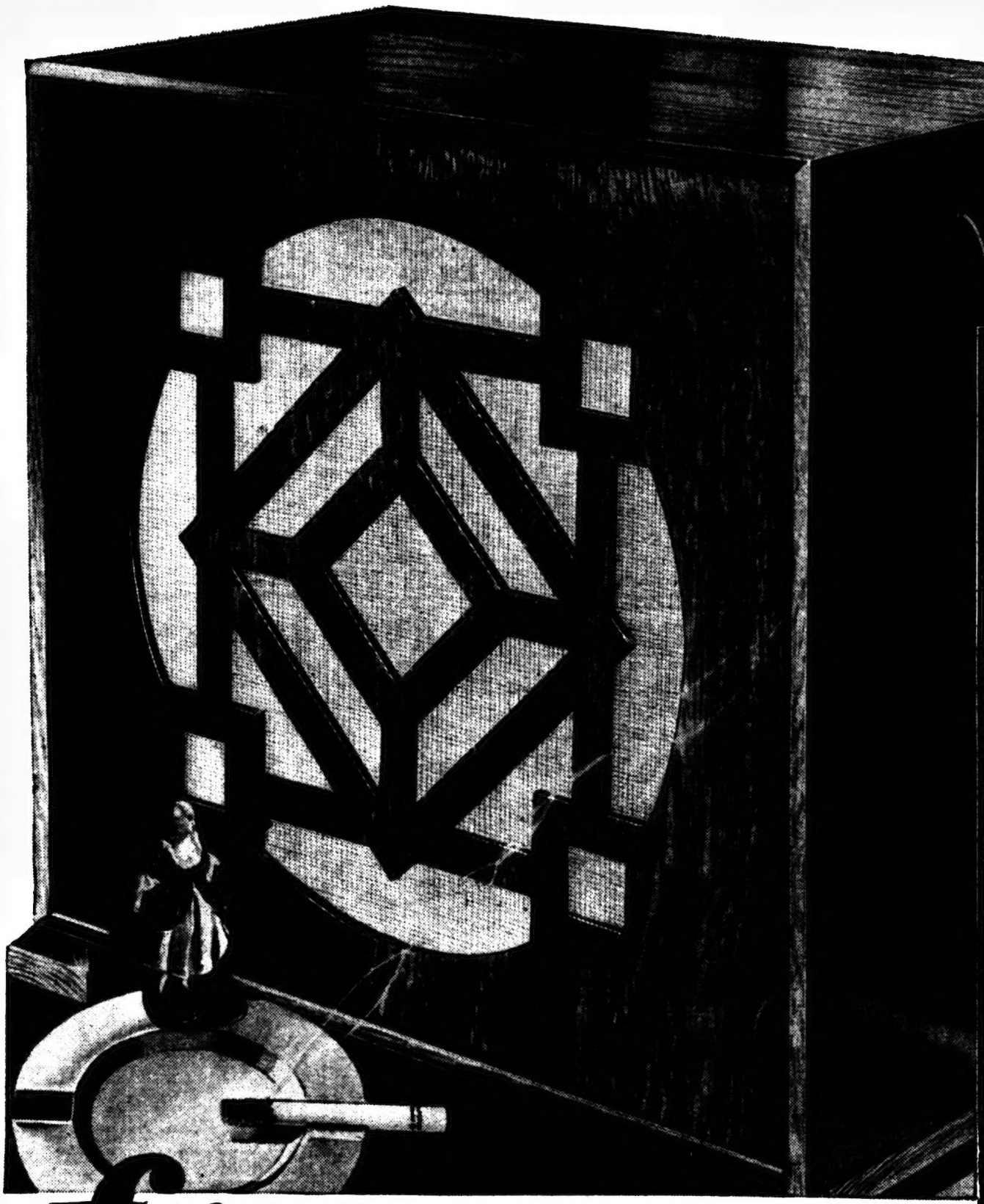

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Without Fear or Favour

PRETTY GIRLS, BEWARE

WE agree—for once—with Mussolini. He has banned, on moral grounds, beauty competitions and the election of so-called "queens of beauty" in Italy.

There is no dictator in this country, but we should like to see such contests banned in the British Isles, not by any local or central authority, but by sheer force of public opinion.

JOHN BULL is no friend of Mrs. Grundy. Nor is he a kill-joy.

But we denounce beauty competitions as degrading to womanhood and as dangerous to the moral welfare of the girls who take part in them and those who aspire to be like them.

There is stark tragedy behind the brief romances of the beauty queens.

For one who may achieve success there are scores who are cruelly disillusioned; for one who may find happiness there are hundreds who find nothing but bitterness and discontent.

In addition, thousands of pretty young girls in shops, offices and factories are unsettled by these competitions, even though they do not take part in them.

They see the pictures of prizewinners, and read of their glittering prospects—all won by pretty looks.

They think that by comparison their own lot is a hard, unromantic one. They hanker for the luxury life that is so alluring at a distance, and being conscious of their own pretty faces see no reason why it should not be theirs as much as the beauty queens'.

If they could only see the other side of the picture (which is never shown) they would thank their lucky stars that Fate has cast them for a life of domesticity with a good, honest, hard-working husband and two or three bonnie children.

In our view, therefore, beauty queens are a public menace.

There are, literally, thousands of girls who enter every year for all kinds of beauty contests, local, national and, ultimately, international. And the competitions are growingly numerous.

Tragedy joins the parade

ALREADY, with the year in its infancy, it has been announced that the Rhyl Publicity Association is launching a scheme to discover "a British Venus."

The proposal is that every town shall be invited to select a candidate, and that, finally, thirty beauties will have their expenses paid for a few days at Rhyl to take part in a parade—presumably in bathing costumes. The parade would be "one of the attractions" for the summer season.

This is merely one of dozens of recent similar stunts for the sordid exploitation of the loveliness of British girlhood. Already the usual bait—a possible job on the films—has been hinted at.

A leading film company, it is stated, has expressed willingness to consider "the Bathing Venus" in the cast of a future film.

Almost every young girl whose mirror tells her that she is lovely and who decides with beating heart to compete for a beauty title has in her mind the ultimate prospect of stage or screen career. But not one in fifty ever attains her ambition.

If they do it is often merely the prelude to tragedy.

Think of beautiful Bobbie Storey, the London barmaid, who, winning a beauty contest, had the amazing luck to be chosen for the Ziegfeld Follies chorus and ultimately committed suicide under the strain of night life.

Those bright eyes are dazzled—and Evil draws closer, unseen, unsuspected

And only last year the world was startled by the tragedy of Peggy Davies, another beauty queen, who married an American millionaire and then was found dead beside her wrecked car on the Riviera. "I don't want to live any more" was the message she left.

Still another among the recent beauty queens, Miss Dulcie Barclay, winner of the Queensland competition in 1930, committed suicide soon afterwards.

These three girls had won the most glittering prizes that any beauty contest can offer. What of the failures? What, for example, of Irene Wierzbicus, a Warsaw girl, lovely as a flower and only twenty-two years old, who was defeated in the final of the Warsaw beauty championship last year? Her reason failed her under the shock of that disappointment and she committed suicide.

We have referred to the Follies chorus, and it may come as startling news that Florenz Ziegfeld, the final arbiter of beauty in the United States, is a strong opponent of all beauty contests. Why?

The plain fact is that these contests are fraught with danger to all the girls who take part in them. Some may be sufficiently level-headed to escape harm.

But the great majority, even if no worse befall them, become unsettled, discontented, spoiled for their ordinary work, contemptuous of the decent young men who might have married them, and disdainful of the simple, happy lives they might have led.

Toll of jealousy

TO a girl with any large measure of vanity in her composition, success in one of these contests is almost certain to turn her head. During her brief year of triumph she is transported into a new and dazzling world—a world of amazing Paris frocks, of luxurious hotels, champagne and cocktails, of jewels and flowers and endless flattery from innumerable admirers.

What wonder, then, should she become one of the "tricked-out, perfumed, conceited dolls, sated with false glory"?

World public opinion is moving against these sordid contests. At Geneva last year Madame Churchod-Secretan, President of the International Federation for the Protection of Girls, warned the League of Nations Committee for the Prevention of Traffic in Women of the "frequent moral and material injury suffered by successful candidates, who lose their situations and acquire luxurious tastes which expose them specially to temptation."

She asserted that jealousy, hatred and bitterness have followed every international competition, and the facts abundantly support her contention.

Up to this point we have dwelt chiefly upon the danger to the girls themselves. There is another aspect of the matter scarcely less important. It lies in the fact that these contests are in effect an insult to womanhood itself.

They are not beauty contests in the best sense of the word—they are vulgar exhibitions of mere physical charm; they are parades of the beautiful bodies of young girls. They savour of the slave market.

Ignore them utterly

WHAT honest man or woman can contest the truth of this? What truly modest, self-respecting girl can deny that a public beauty contest must involve some sacrifice of her maidenly reserve and delicacy?

We repeat that in our view these beauty contests are a source of terrible danger to all the pretty young girls who take part in them, have a bad moral influence, and are deliberately designed to appeal to the most sordid side of human nature.

They must stop!

Parliament need not intervene and local authorities need not be constrained to issue vetoes. The decision rests with the general public.

And we appeal confidently to that public to kill beauty competitions once and for all by the simple, but utterly effective, method of ignoring them.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . . .

Sir William Jowitt as Lord Chief Justice

SIR WILLIAM JOWITT, the ex-Attorney-General, has, we understand, taken with him to the West Indies a well-kept secret, which should help him to enjoy his well-earned rest.

When he returns it is likely that he will step into the shoes of Lord Hewart as Lord Chief Justice of England.

The Bench's gain

The Bench would welcome Sir William to that high post as much as it will regret losing the brilliant services of Lord Hewart, who is definitely retiring shortly.

Sir William is one of our greatest lawyers, even though as a politician the Combined English Universities rejected him, and, failing to find another seat, he was forced out of the Cabinet.

If he becomes Lord Chief Justice the loss to politics will be the Bench's gain.

Exit Mr. Baldwin?

Watch Neville Chamberlain!

His Tariff triumph has definitely marked him down as the future Tory leader.

Conservatives regard him as the strong man they have been waiting for.

Now watch Baldwin fade out as Chamberlain and his Tariffs come more and more into the picture.

Conscience is busy

We are not surprised that some M.P.s have troubled consciences. They have a direct interest in manufactures favoured by the new import duties. Are they justified, they wonder, in voting on these particular duties?

The answer is plain. Our legislators should place themselves above suspicion now they are handling a policy that has led to corruption in other countries.

Limit to sacrifice

Mr. MacDonald must resist any demand for further economies on the "dole," though in a few weeks' time the debt on the Unemployment Insurance Fund will reach £115,000,000—the limit set by the Labour Government's last Act.

The Government will not extend the Fund's borrowing powers. But the so-called "equality of sacrifice" has already been extracted in full measure from the workless.

Grave M2 allegations

The enquiry into the submarine M2 disaster should be held in public, particularly as serious charges have been made by a parent of one of the victims.

It is said that days before the accident water leaked through the doors of the seaplane hangar and the torpedo tubes, and that the vessel was not seaworthy. These allegations must be probed to the bottom.

Don't bank on bankers

With the exception of Mr. McKenna, all the chairmen of the five big banks show the old self-sufficiency in their annual statements of financial policy. The crisis doesn't seem to have taught them much.

But bankers were always slow to learn. It is clear that we can expect little real reorganisation of the financial system from within.

Good for us!

Britain has amazed the world by her prompt repayment of £50,000,000 loaned by America during the financial crisis.

This has shown that we are still a world power in finance. And it may encourage some European countries, at present influenced by French financial policy, to link themselves more closely with us in future.

Watch Neville Chamberlain

Was M2 Unfit to Dive?

Out——and In!

240 m.p.h., that was!

There is a painful jolt for foreign air services in the news that our Air Ministry has decided to put the Vickers' "Jockey," the world's fastest aeroplane, which finds 240 miles an hour easy going, on the "open" list.

This is never done unless there is a still faster machine in the offing. Meanwhile we hear whispers of activity at the Gloster works.

Weary Willies

Those new Tory M.P.s who are already "fed up" with their Parliamentary work because it interferes with their business and social activities get no sympathy from us.

What do they think Parliament is—a hobby or a playground?

Reform must wait

Why is it that the Home Secretary intends to deal with only the preliminary stages of the Children's Bill just yet. It will probably be July or August before the measure reaches Committee.

Then several Government supporters will move its rejection. Yet it proposes a stricter hand on cruel parents, improved juvenile courts, and other long-overdue reforms. Why obstruct it?

Very casual

Conditions in the Neath (Glamorgan) casual ward call for immediate action by the Ministry of Health. When a man was charged with assaulting a woman inmate, it was revealed that she had not seen a woman attendant, and that the man had access to her bedroom.

It is bad enough for a woman to be forced to enter a casual ward without being subjected to this astonishing treatment.

Back o' Beyond

Eighteen thousand people living on the L.C.C. estate at Morden, Surrey, have no fire brigade, ambulance, public baths or library, and are inadequately policed.

Perhaps the L.C.C. are trying to help the "back to the village" movement.

Bogus estate-agents

It is high time that the public were protected against bogus estate-agents. Though professional societies such as the Incorporated Auctioneers naturally will not admit them to membership, they are allowed to "practise"—and fleece their clients—providing they buy a £10 licence.

Other countries insist that auctioneers and estate agents must possess certain qualifications before setting up in business. Why do we lag behind?

Bravo!

Magnificent courage was shown by a crippled Cardiff man, William Rowland Jenkins, who crawled upstairs to extinguish the burning clothing of his mother-in-law.

His plucky attempt unfortunately failed, but he has been awarded a certificate by the Carnegie Hero Fund.

What did he say?

Ex-Chief Constable Wensley, late of the Yard's "Big Five," has some very secret views about crime.

When he went specially up to Cambridge University the other day to impart them, only the members of the Cambridge Union were allowed in. Press representatives were barred.

Did he throw light on some recent unsolved crimes?

If so, it's a pity some of his old Scotland Yard colleagues were not there to listen to him.

Not surprising

Quilliam, the financier who went to France following the half-million failure of the Direct Fish Supplies Co., Ltd., is in the news again.

A company he has since run in Nice for exploiting marble is now the subject of investigation by local judicial authorities. As we directed attention to this particular venture at least three years ago, we are not surprised.

Fair-play for Jack

There is joy in the Navy at the news that Jack is not to suffer when in foreign ports because of the depreciation of the £. His money will be so increased that his pay will have the same spending value as at home.

Jolly good luck to the Sea Lord who helps a sailor, as the song should have said.

Children last

Children's health is apparently of little consequence to Derbyshire County Council, which is reducing seven child-welfare centres to weighing centres only because it is "reluctant" to appoint a full-time medical officer.

But it is paying two architects £250 for a little work outside their ordinary duties.

Four at a blow

Four rogues exclusively exposed in JOHN BULL have just gone to jail. They are Esme Beaumont, the "Pearl Queen" adventuress, whose victims included her own father and husband; J. M. Hansen, the company crook, and Albert Castle and Jack Rogers, who ran a greyhound racing fraud at Southall, Middlesex.

Good riddance to them!

An M.P. off the rails

We cannot take Mr. J. Potter, M.P., seriously when he says motor-cycles should be scrapped entirely because they cause so many accidents.

But why potter about with the subject like this. He should go the whole hog and demand a ban on push-bikes, cars, trains and aeroplanes. He'd please the bootmakers, if no one else.

Wasted sympathy

Despite a petition for his reprieve, a Manchester labourer has been executed for the murder and outrage of a small girl. "I wonder," remarked the coroner, "whether those who sign a reprieve petition ever write a letter of sympathy to the relatives of the murdered person."

We wonder, too.

Whitehall takes it easy

When will Whitehall get rid of its red tape?

A West Hartlepool shipowner who more than ten years ago made a compensation claim against the Board of Trade for £170,000 is still awaiting settlement.

Such delay is enough to make the Law Courts envious.

Locked himself up

Some police-stations only need curtains and feather beds to make them seem like home. The other day a man broke into an Eccleshall hotel, walked into the police-station without hindrance, left a note of his offence, and then went to sleep in a cell, where he was ultimately found.

Had the police been to sleep, too?

Menace to health

Immediate official action should follow the revelation that water polluted by a graveyard has been supplied to Acklington, Northumberland, for forty years.

Alnwick Rural Council won't remedy this disgusting state of affairs because the Unemployment Grants Committee has refused its aid. The wonder is that a fever epidemic has not compelled it to do so.

A slum week?

Since the Bishop of London is horrified that rats have to be driven from babies' cradles in East London slums, why doesn't he inaugurate a Slum Week?

The smugness of the slum owners could be denounced from the pulpits; but, as we have said before, the Church is strangely reluctant to attack evils of this sort.

How mean!

There's no end, it seems, to the meanness of some Public Assistance Committees. A Belper man has had his food ticket withdrawn because his wife, having broken her leg, received £3 under a newspaper insurance scheme.

Perhaps the Committee thought she did it on purpose.

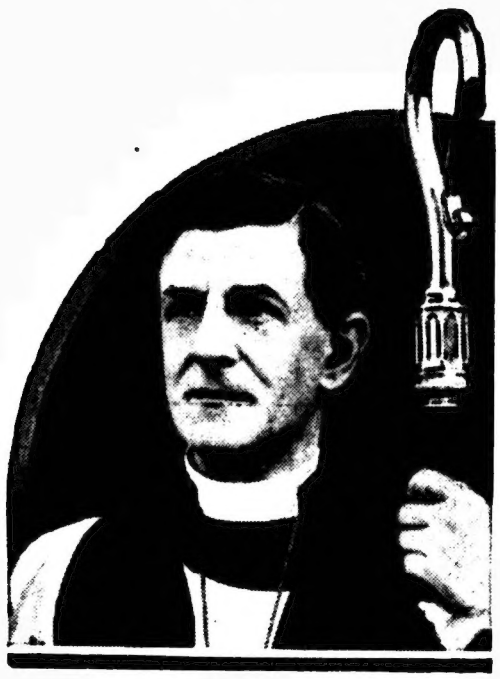
Football finance

Three weeks ago we revealed the desperate position of football finance and showed how it could be relieved. Now comes the news that six famous clubs are unable to pay their way.

Others will follow unless the Football Association releases its £100,000 surplus profits and carries out the necessary reorganisation.

by The BISHOP of CHELMSFORD

It's HARD to be GOOD!



"We can be men and women in the full sense of the words and yet be good"

IT'S hard to be good! It always has been. It always will be. And because it is hard it is worth while trying.

If you ask me exactly what I mean by being good, you ask a question which is not quite so easy to answer as you might suppose. There is a certain type of goodness—or shall we call it goody-goodyness?—which is too often confused with goodness.

This is really religious priggishness. Prigs are always objectionable, but the religious prig is the worst of all. Sometimes this quality of goody-goodyness is found in good people, and as a result many say, "I cannot stand good people."

Such a criticism is based upon a serious misunderstanding.

If the soup has too much salt in it we refuse to drink it, but are sensible enough not to say that all soup is detestable. Similarly, when we meet a religious prig we must not condemn real, wholesome goodness, but recognise that there was a bad ingredient in that person.

What is goodness? It can best be explained in this way: We are animals, the cleverest of all animals; nevertheless, we are animals, *but we are something else.* There is a bit of the divine in us, and that is what the Bible means when it says, "God made man in His own image."

These two parts of us are always struggling for the upper hand.

There is the animal in us which says: "Do just what you like. Enjoy yourself at all costs. Never think of anyone else. Do not waste time over other people. Take advantage of men and women if you like and if you can. Make them your tools, and when they have served your purpose throw them aside like a squeezed orange. Just be a beast."

Miracles of virtue

THERE is the divine in us which says: "Be as decent as ever you can to other people. Remember there are lame dogs all round you, and it is up to you to help them, even though it costs you a lot. Never do a dirty trick to anyone, and even if people do you a bad turn never attempt to pay them back. Be honest, clean and true in thought, word and deed."

That is what I think being good really means. It has always been hard, and it is specially hard to-day. Yet the mysterious thing is that you find goodness in places where you would least expect it.

Think of the rush and worry of life for the great mass of men and women! Think of their daily programme! They rise early, take a hurried breakfast, rush away by 'bus, tube, train or tram to the office, the factory or the shop, work there all day, come home in another rush and turmoil, and so tired that after the evening meal they are not fit for any effort except just a peep at a film, and so to bed.

There is very little chance for the development of the higher nature among these people. So you would say, and with good reason, but it is wonderful how splendid they often are.

Think of the unemployed. Sick at heart, no niche for them in life, and yet so often they are generous, kindhearted, brave and hopeful. Ask the clergy in the working-class parishes what they think of these people, and they will tell you that many of them are the salt of the earth.

Again and again I have clergy telling me that nothing would induce them to leave parishes of this kind and go to the so-called better-class parishes.

To live a harassed, anxious life in an overcrowded, sunless street in some strange way does not make goodness impossible—far from it.

Goodness is probably much harder to discover in Belgravia than in Canning Town. That is why Christ said, "How hardly shall a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven." He did not say, "How hardly shall a poor man enter into the kingdom."

The struggler knows—

FOR if a man has a lot of money he has greater opportunities to be just the selfish animal, but when a man finds life a hard struggle and is surrounded by the same kind of people, his heart is soft and tender, and he is ready to help struggling people because he has to struggle himself.

Then think of the work that most men and women have to do. Following our Lord, a Christian will try to do fine work, not merely to express the creative instinct which is in all of us, but to pay tribute to the good, the true, and the beautiful, which are the attributes of God.

How grotesque all that sounds when applied to the soulless drudgery of our robot civilisation!

And what encouragement has a man to be a good workman when his employer is not concerned with good work, but with a saleable article? How far are those at the top responsible for the desperate things we see at the bottom of the ladder?

Is it easy to-day to be good in the matter of sex? Well, you know that some enlightened reformers boldly declare that virtue in this regard is of no importance, and that physical chastity is either a sign of incompetence or a monstrous repression of healthy instincts.

When I read such wicked bosh I feel inclined to regret that I have repressed my healthy instinct to horsewhip the writer of it.

Talk that damns

HE must know it is untrue. He must know that only by controlling his body and its instincts has a man become something better than the swine. But he goes on talking—it is easy to talk—and what is a clever attitude to him is spiritual death to many young people.

And how deeply has the plague stricken us? I do not know. Does anybody know? Certain classes are infected, or appear to be. But a bishop has a fairly wide experience of human beings of all classes, and I feel convinced that even to-day, even after a generation of vicious propaganda, most of our girls are pure.

It is so common a mistake, and so fatal a one, to over-estimate the extent and intensity of such a social disease. Vice is clamant, virtue is silent.

No doubt a lot of otherwise innocent young people *talk* the rot about sexual freedom and living your own life, but they *talk* it without lust in their hearts or in their lives.

My firm conviction is that, though fashions change and the absurdest crazes have their day, human nature does not change very much. We have saints and sinners as we always have had. And, though it is the fashion to decry the simple virtues of home life, home life goes on.

Let's be honest!

DESPITE the fashionable philosophers with their Moral Code for Cads, simple-minded husbands and wives still love and are true to each other, and simple lads and lassies sweetheart until they marry in the old, happy, virginal way.

I admit that the times are hard for married people, and the temptation is to shirk some of the responsibilities of wedlock.

No, the marvel, the miracle, is that there are so many married couples who have families. They are heroes and heroines. For it is so hard for them to be good.

But to try to be good is worth while. We may not make a great deal of progress, but the mere act of trying means that we can look in the looking-glass without blushing, and we can say: "Well, my lad, you are no better than you ought to be, but I am not entirely ashamed of you because you are trying to be decent."

We have Someone to help us to be good. Our religion has given us the example of Someone Who lived a full, rich, human life, Who entered upon human relations fully, and Who taught us that we can be men and women in the full sense of the words and yet be good.

Following Him is goodness, and talking to Him in prayer helps us to be good.

In their hearts the young moderns are cleaner and more wholesome than their grandparents were

An English medical missionary treats an old Chinese woman

Yellow bayonets bristle in Shanghai, and fear voyages up the Yangtse river . . .

When the CHINESE

This map represents about one-twentieth of the Chinese Empire, the most congested area. From Ichang to Shanghai by river is 1,000 miles

WHAT of the thousands of white women in the mysterious hinterland of China if fighting becomes general?

At Shanghai warships of five nations are acting as sentinels on behalf of the 20,000 white residents there.

But there are ten thousand more who are far beyond the reach of the warships' protecting guns. And nearly a third of them are women.

Hundreds of miles inland these women work in the hospitals, the class-rooms, the mission centres, or they are the wives of vice-consuls or workers in the oil depots and small trading-stations.

For them there are dangers beside which the death dealt out by bombs and shells is swift mercy . . . brigands, pirates and the mixed rabble of the mountains, all of whom would take advantage of any national maelstrom to murder and loot without check or hindrance.

* * *

The warning flashes

Through the gorges and mountain passes of China's vast and mysterious interior fleet-footed runners carry the news of the Shanghai fighting.

They pick their way through the wildest mazes of Nature to bear belated tidings to the countless brigands and pirates to whom general warfare would mean nothing but a golden opportunity for plunder and rapine.

Meanwhile the news is flashed by telegraph to remote inland towns, and then crawls for days down caravan tracks and waterways.

Outward it creeps over the vastest network of communications in the world, a gigantic cobweb that serves five-and-a-half million miles of peril-beset country inhabited by no fewer than 500,000,000 people.

And everywhere it goes it carries fear to the white exiles—the men and women, who, scattered in countless villages over fifteen of the eighteen provinces, know that if once the frail bands of government are burst the forces of anarchy and savagery will be let loose in an unmanageable flood.

North, south and westward it travels. . . .

At Nanking, less than two hundred miles eastward from Shanghai up the Yangtse river, "War in China" is heart-chilling news for the hundred white residents.

Nanking knew the terror in 1927, when the Communist revolution raged. The horrors of that rising drove away three hundred of its four hundred Europeans.

Yet the men who seek work at the oil depots of the Asiatic Petroleum Company, or handle the poultry, eggs and other produce of the International Export Company, or refrigerate the chilled pork that comes to us from this source, have not deserted their posts.

In a few cases their wives have been persuaded to go to Shanghai on the assurance that their husbands will follow if still greater danger threatens, Shanghai being only one day distant by boat. But many of the wives are standing by their menfolk at whatever the cost.

Hankow is another 700 miles up the river and nearly a week's steam by river boat from Shanghai, yet nearly a hundred white women there are dreading what will befall them and their menfolk if the war in China becomes general.

They cannot fail to remember the worst horrors of 1927—the street executions, murders in the full light of day, and the prospect of being decapitated by combatants of either side for showing sympathy with the other.

There are the police and volunteers of the French settlement to offer protection, but they cannot possibly provide adequate safety. They and their charges are a mere handful of Europeans among the teeming millions of the Yangtse basin—a handful of corks bobbing helplessly in an ocean of Chinamen.

Hankow has had no Russian or German settlement since before the war. It lost its official status as a British settlement after 1927. And so the protection has grown less and less.

Bandit strongholds

And yet the danger that surrounds its white inhabitants is as nothing compared with that faced by the tiny colony of white people at Ichang, another hundred miles up the river.

Ichang can only be reached by light draught boat, as the water becomes more shallow and wildly turbulent as one approaches the fierce rapids that fall from the mountains flanking the upper reaches of the river.

Here the only protection would be what Hankow could spare. Yet Ichang sits at the feet of mountains in which bandits lurk in thousands, and again and again has seen apparently innocent bands of itinerant traders suddenly reveal themselves as gangs of plunderers, sacking and stealing and kidnapping.

For all those who live along the Yangtse the only way to safety, if the worst happens, will be along the river by steamer to the coast.

And all along the course danger will stalk in every creek and tributary that abound on either side of the river.

It is down these creeks that the news of the Shanghai fighting is being carried to the thousands of white folk who live away from river, roads and telegraphs, in the little mud villages of the hinterland.

Junks bringing their supplies from the river ports may have a three days' voyage up the creeks, and even then hundreds of miles of caravan track may have to be traversed before the white settlement is reached.

Dark future

These white men and women in these far-flung outposts are used to danger. They have learned to smile at many of the perils of the remote interior in which they live. Yet the prospects of the future will fill them with foreboding.

Among them are the doctors and nurses who one season are fighting the typhus plague in Shansi, and the next succouring the stricken in Yangtse floods that devastate villages in hundreds.

There are teachers, young women many of them, working in little white

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Human Treasure

THAT grand old man, Prebendary Carlile, eighty-five years old a week or two ago, has often said, "There is a treasure hidden in the heart of every man if you can only find it."

He has spent most of his life in looking for treasure where most people can only see hopeless cases. He has been called the friend of the scapegrace, and I think he is rather proud of it. Anyhow, he has reclaimed more scapegraces than any man I know.

One is reminded of the faith expressed in the saying just quoted by what we have lately read of the courageous conduct of a convict at Dartmoor, who saved an official's life at the risk of his own.

Here is a man with some good in him that it should be possible to turn to account.

And ought not this to be the principal purpose of our prison system? It ought to aim less at punishment than at giving an offender a chance to make good in life if he will.

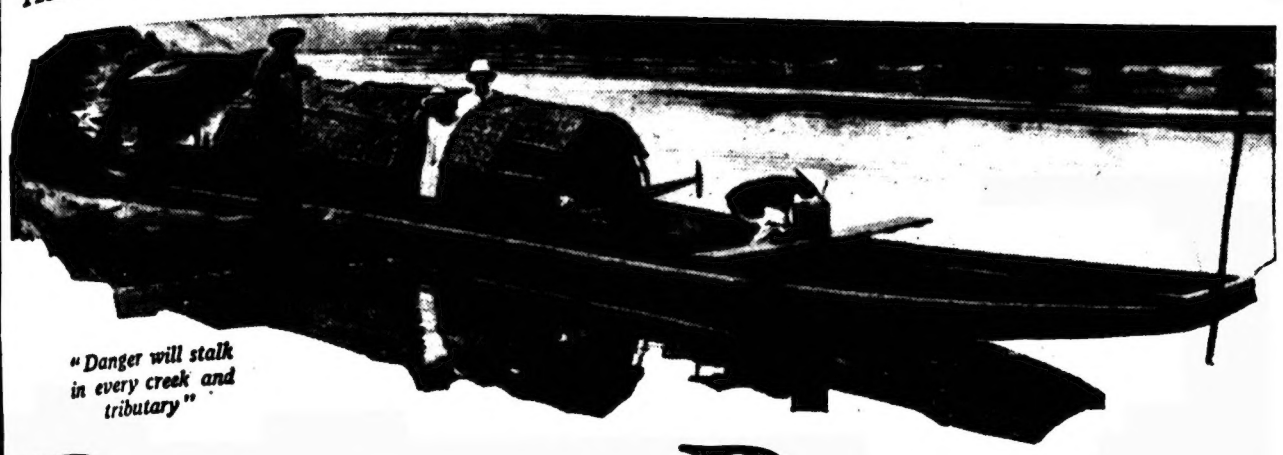
It is true that there are people who seem to be born vicious, but they are few; and there is a danger that in attaching the stigma of criminality to a social outcast you may turn a decent man into a devil.

I remember the superintendent of the prison system of one of the larger American States once saying to me: "We need to realise that, speaking generally, the very thing that makes a man the enemy of society, when perverted, can make him the benefactor of society when directed aright."

* * *

Let a live wire from a big electric power-station fall into the roadway (as I have seen happen), and it will injure or kill every creature that steps on it; yet the proper use of that same power is to light our homes, and, in other ways, to lessen toil and add joy to life.

To be a good citizen a man must be made to feel that his life has value for more than himself. No life that is shut up within its own selfish interests can be other than wasted, whether it is behind prison bars or not.



"Danger will stalk in every creek and tributary"

DRAGON ROARS...

Miss Eleanor Harrison, tortured and murdered by Chinese brigands in 1930

THE guns boom and the bombs crash at Shanghai.

Their echoes roll up the Yangtse river and strike chords of dread in the hearts of white men and women in the far interior of half-civilised China.

They well know the perils that face them if the country is plunged into the cauldron of war.

communities of three or four or six or seven. Missionaries, six thousand of them in all, who often traverse strange tracks that even the natives fear to tread. And lonely traders, Englishmen often, the ubiquitous "gentleman with a bag"

And wives, even here!—hundreds of miles away from fashions and slimming diets and other things that trouble the feminine mind, yet keeping house for their husbands as painstakingly as if they were in Kensington.

To-day they can get a safe conduct to Shanghai and safety for the asking. The Bishop of Shanghai can assure it for the missionaries and teachers, the medical missions for the doctors and nurses, the big firms operating in China for their staffs, and the European and American authorities at Shanghai for their nationals.

Almost without exception these brave people are sticking to their posts, undaunted even if afraid. Yet to-morrow there may be no guarantee of safe-conduct. . . .

Bad news!

It will help us to visualise their plight and isolation if we peep into one little mud village many hundreds of miles inland up the Yangtse river. . .

The school-bell is ringing and twenty bland-faced Chinese children, their ears muffled in fur against the icy water, shuffle to their lessons.

An old missionary tugs the bell-rope. He found the work easier thirty years ago. And waiting at the door is "Ma'am," a fresh-faced English girl of the type you will find teaching in hundreds of infants' schools here at home.

Half an hour later her charges are squatting in a circle round her singing, and singing so boisterously that she is unaware that a loyal "runner" has arrived with bad news and has all but collapsed at the door.

The missionary silences the class and takes "Ma'am" on one side. There is fighting at Shanghai, he tells her. British battleships have arrived. There is comparative security there, if she would care to go. . . .

Fifty brave women

"No," she replies.

"No" is the answer of the men and women all along the Yangtse river; in the thousand and one little villages of the hinterland; in the communities of white people, English many of them, who have secured rights to rent land down in the province of Hunan, and don't intend to forsake their little estates until it means certain death to remain.

Fifty young women who only reached Fukien a few weeks ago from England, America and Australasia, arrived to find anti-Japanese riots in progress, and the school from which they were to be dispersed to other schools over China closed and barred.

Yet they remain in Fukien, though they might well choose to be removed to a place of greater safety.

Eleven girls and nineteen men who said their farewell to England as recently as last autumn at the Central Hall, Westminster, are facing the future with the same courage.

Tortured, butchered

And what courage it is! For the outrages in Central China during the last year are still fresh in their memories.

Many of them were friends of Miss Eleanor Harrison, of Kidderminster, and Miss Edith Nettleton, of Halifax, who were murdered in this half-civilised country a year ago under circumstances of revolting savagery.

They have heard, too, of the privations of Miss Augusta Nelson and Miss Nordlung when they were held by bandits in the mountains; of Fathers Veldt, Lineham and Plaffan, who were made to suffer seven months' privation, two of them being beaten with poles to hasten the receipt of ransom; of Mr. Turk, a Briton, cruelly tortured by his kidnappers; and of scores more who were robbed, beaten or maimed.

Their perils were great, but they will seem negligible compared with what will happen if war sweeps through China.

War makes bandits. Those who already infest the land were soldiers once, deserted for one reason or other, usually because they had gone months without pay, and reasoned that if it were right to kill for the profit of a local war-lord, it were far better to kill on behalf of one's own pocket.

If war breaks out now it will make the profession of banditry easier than ever for these professional brigands. A China without any form of government, or with a Government fully occupied with the country's defence, will be a China in which hundreds of thousands of plunderers can do as they please.

The Chinese peasants have little to fear. Their wives might lose the gold and jade earrings that represent their final ambitions in these parts, or the men their Shanghai or Hong Kong currency if they are lucky enough to have such wealth.

Loyal servants

Whatever is asked, they will hand it over without resistance. He who gives and runs away will live to give another day.

But for the white population there is no such easy way out. Usually they carry little in the way of money or jewellery or valuables of any kind, but in any case their greatest value is as hostages who can be held to ransom—who can only be saved from the worst devilries the bandit mind can devise by the cash of their friends.

And as ransoms are a thousand times more profitable than petty thefts from peasants, the white communities will offer a rich harvest.

It is improbable that the general mass of Chinese would do anything to save them, although most of them have native boys prepared to lay down their lives for them if necessary. The spirit of non-resistance will still prevail.

Fear strikes—

There is, moreover, an even greater menace than the brigand. And that is that the Chinese masses have not learned to distinguish between one foreigner and another.

When their calm is left undisturbed they are the most tranquil and gentle of people; but if one foreigner disturbs them, everyone not of their race is a "foreign devil."

Anti-Japanese feeling may easily become anti-Japanese rioting, and, with a frenzied uncontrolled mob, this may quickly develop into hostilities directed against all foreigners.

Past experience has shown that when the dragon of China roars there is every reason for unprotected and isolated white residents to dread the worst.

COMMON-SENSE WINS £750

"It will act as a good tonic"

IN the heart of the Staffordshire moorlands, in the little country village of Ipstones, some fifteen miles from Stoke-on-Trent, Mr. Edgar Willmer lives with his widowed mother, who is over eighty years of age.

Mr. Willmer is the winner outright of our Crossword Competition No. 149, being the only competitor to send in a correct solution. Thus, his industry has been well rewarded as he will receive a cheque for £750.

Circumstances have not been too bright in their old-fashioned country house. Mr. Willmer, who is 48 years of age and unmarried, is a cabinet-maker, employed by a firm in the Staffordshire silk town, Leek, which is about ten miles from Ipstones.

Depression in other industries has caused unemployment in the cabinet-making trade, and Mr. Willmer has had to struggle along during the past few years.

"You can take it from me that the money will be very useful indeed," he says. "It has come just at the right time. It will act as a real tonic to my mother and myself, and will make the outlook for the future seem a good deal brighter."

Mr. Willmer hopes to provide many extra comforts for his mother, and talks of investing in a poultry-farming venture.

He is an old reader of JOHN BULL, and has taken the paper regularly since long before the war.

Crossword competitions have always interested him, and in completing the square he believes in using just ordinary common-sense.

Mr. Willmer has relatives in the same village, and they, together with many friends of the family, rejoice with him and his aged mother in the good fortune which has fallen to him.

CHANGE YOUR B.B.C. TUNE, SIR JOHN!

Hannen Swaffer's OPEN LETTER To SIR JOHN REITH

Director-General, British Broadcasting Corporation

DEAR SIR JOHN,—I may speak with knowledge based on thought from the beginning, because it was directly due to an article I wrote in 1922 that your B.B.C. was born, a few weeks later. I described how wireless was sweeping America. I asked when it was coming to England.

Lord Northcliffe read my article, reprinted it, and, seeing its grave import, gave it enormous publicity.

Then—you began.

Ever since, I have watched with admiration, amazement and amusement your attempts to control the greatest weapon for propaganda, the greatest instrument for culture that this country has ever known.

You have the Scotsman's genius for organising, you have the Scotsman's over-caution.

You are honest, determined, high-principled. But don't you lack inspiration?

* * *

One of your greatest gifts is your power of self-defence.

I heard you address a private gathering of listeners-in, a year or two ago, when they indicted you with a carefully-prepared criticism.

When it was read out, it seemed unanswerable. Yet, without preparation, and with a perfect ease—yes, and with an eloquence that astounded me—you dismissed all the criticism, and left your accusers with no case.

That is the clue to your success. Although I feel you could answer almost anything, I doubt if you can answer me. I accuse you of being the master of a great machine, one which you have built up carefully, and with courage, and yet which remains almost useless, when judged from the standard of its infinite possibilities.

Drama was dying when you started to function. You have done nothing to help it. The wireless dramas acted in your studios are almost beneath contempt. You could have given drama a new direction, a new hope.

British music was on its last legs when you began. You could have raised it to the standard it reached in Elizabeth's time, when, with Byrd and Page and all the others, it led the world.

You, knowingly or unknowingly, have allowed the B.B.C. to be a booster of American dance tunes and American songs at a time when our own composers are starving.

I have, time and time again, stated publicly that many of the people who play them and sing them are paid by publishers at a time when the unplayed and unsung musicians of our own land remain without a friend.

You have never answered. It still goes on. You have been content to arrange an endless series of "talks" which, though cultural in value, need not be spoken, but could be *read* by the public, if they wanted them, though, I am afraid, they do not.

I know it is difficult to fill long programmes day after day. Indeed, it would require the united intelligence of the twenty most brilliant men in the world to satisfy your public.

But your wireless instrument should ring with a Voice calling to a New England.

I know you have idealism. Indeed, I recognise that, when all the pleasure-crazy people of the land demand a jazz Sunday, you respect the institution of the Sabbath.

* * *

I think, too—and I told you this personally—that when you said, "It is not my duty to give the public what they want," you uttered the words of a brave man who realised his responsibilities.

Mind you, I should not like your job. You have more critics than any other man in the country. Every person who pays 10s. a year thinks he is your judge. Some of them, if they paid 20s., would imagine they had the right to be your executioner.

They demand, for a little over a farthing a day, Harry Lauder every night. You give them Bach, and that, whatever I may think about it, bores them beyond words.

If you had a National Eisteddfod on the air, one which gave the whole of Britain a chance of competing in vocalism, elocution, acting and all forms of instrumentalism, there might be a renaissance of Art in this country.

I could suggest a score of other ways in which the B.B.C. might lead to a great and glorious future. You are missing all those chances.

And, by the way, you should get rid of many of the people who surround you. Their relations should not be allowed to act in the studios.

* * *

I know you are too busy to notice, but you are surrounded by a Ring. Break it!

Besides, you should pay more to the ordinary small artists who help to fill your programmes. You pay a lot to Harry Lauder, who does not want it, but there you stop.

You should bar every crooning tenor from making those silly noises on the air.

You should stop nearly all the so-called "comedians" whom you employ, for many of them are dreadful.

You should not restrict your religious services, Presbyterian though you are, to the highly respectable, conventional sects, but give the others a chance.

And, instead of the silly debates that take place between mediocrities on nothing, you should allow people of advanced thought to say something important, for a change.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

M. TARDIEU,
Disarmament Conference, Geneva

M'SIEUR,—You want to create a League of Nations Air Force, a League Army and a League Navy, and a further network of treaties to guarantee both peace and the *status quo* established by the Versailles and other treaties.

Surely this is not only impracticable, but beyond the point.

Your job as a Geneva delegate is to put disarmament first, not security. Your country already has the world's biggest army. So why talk of further guarantees?

Please get on with your job!

JOHN BULL.

DR. HEADLAM, Bishop of Gloucester: Nothing in New Testament, you say, implies that war is "unchristian." As slavery is not condemned either, has it your support too?—JOHN BULL.

Sir FREDERICK COWEN,
St. John's Wood Road, London

DEAR SIR,—To rehearse the B.B.C. Orchestra and conduct it through a session at night is a wonderful performance for a man of your age—eighty years—while your splendid services to British music in your long career are a true commentary on your character as music-lover and patriot.

Well done, Sir! I hope to listen to an orchestra under your baton on your ninetieth birthday.

JOHN BULL.

GEORGE NORTH,
Willesden, London

THIEF,—A month's hard labour was all you got for stealing your mother's wedding-ring.

I suppose the offence, in law, does not merit more than that, but if you were a fellow of any heart or mind the thought of such a theft should remain with you all the days of your life.

It is obvious, however, that you are lacking in both. What a son you are!

JOHN BULL.

JOHN S. CARVER,
Cleckheaton, Yorks

CARVER,—The magistrates who fined you only 40s. for ill-treating a puppy were far too lenient.

When you sent the dog by rail to Stockport it was confined in a wooden box for over thirteen hours, and a veterinary surgeon declared that it must have died in intense pain from asphyxia.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. A. R. CAIRNS,
South Western Police Court

DEAR SIR,—I fully agree with you that the problems of husbands' and wives' legal rights "do not perplex honest men and decent women."

Comedians have for ages likened marriage to a dog-fight, but in spite of—or because of—your police-court experiences you know that an overwhelming majority of married people play the game.

They are linked together by a quiet affection which mellows and increases as years roll by. To them, the suggestion that they should have to fight for their rights in a court of law would appear ludicrous.

JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Abertillery Urban Council

DEAR SIR,—Your Council has not only rejected a proposal to reduce the wages of municipal workers, but has made increases in some cases.

This is a move in the right direction. As I have said before, the "economy" campaign has been overdone. Low wages alone will not bring us back to prosperity.

JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN J. WILLIAMS,
Trinity Almshouses, London, E.

DEAR MISS WILLIAMS,—It would be hard to find a more noble example of unselfishness than your gift of £50—most of your life's savings—to pay the cost of a room in the new Salvation Army Hostel for Women in East London.

You are glad to help women not so fortunate as yourself, you say. I am glad to recognise the kindness of a poor and aged lady. Please accept this tribute of my admiration.

JOHN BULL.

Lord BADEN POWELL,
Boy Scouts, G.H.Q., London

MY LORD,—Your remark that we are callously leaving the oncoming generation to clear up the world chaos that the older folk have created is happily disproved by your own record.

The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides movements, which you started and still direct, aim at developing both the character and the physique of our children. Long may they flourish!

Incidentally, you still sleep in the open, even in the severest frost. In short, you practise what you preach.

JOHN BULL.

LORD LONSDALE,
Lowther Castle, Penrith

DEAR LORD LONSDALE,—Another instance of your aptitude for doing a good turn has come to my notice. On hearing that the medals of a former champion fell-racer at Lakeland gatherings, Mr. T. Conchie, had been stolen, you arranged for replicas to be made and have presented them to Mr. Conchie as a gift.

He must be very grateful to you—the peer who lives up to his reputation of being a born gentleman and great sportsman.

JOHN BULL.

SIR HENRY BETTERTON, Minister of Labour: Children in some trades work 78-hour week. Strongly urge you bring in Bill fixing maximum of 48 hours for juveniles.—JOHN BULL.

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For England, Home and BEAUTY

England's beauty must be guarded from the despoilers—for her quiet charm is a sacred thing

by A. G. GARDINER

IF there is one thing upon which it might be expected that a National Parliament would be of one mind it is the question of saving our land from the vandalism that is sweeping over it.

That expectation is disappointed. The debate on the second reading of the Town and Country Planning Bill brought out the battalions of the vested interests now entrenched in the House of Commons and showed in what peril that urgent measure is.

The urgency is evident to every eye that is sensitive to beauty and to every mind that shares the love which Shakespeare uttered so immortally for "this sceptred isle . . . this precious stone set in the silver sea . . . this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

It is the loveliness and amenities of "this England" that are our most splendid heritage. It is the preservation of that loveliness and those amenities that is our most sacred trust.

Forests—of bricks

Political systems change and political wrongs may be redressed, but the face of England once desecrated is desecrated for ever. Our children and our children's children will turn and curse us for the wrong we do which they can never put right.

It is so that we to-day curse the rapacity and ignorance of that industrial revolution which, a century ago, made the beautiful dales of the industrial north an obscene jumble of mean streets, back-to-back houses, and airless and treeless bricks and mortar.

And now the menace is on us again. We are in the midst of another revolution more vast and far-reaching even than that of a century ago.

In the interval the railway epoch has come and is on the way to becoming obsolete. King Petrol is superseding King Steam and the current of movement is leaving the railroad for the highways.

Industry is no longer tied to the railhead, nor the industrial population to the immediate neighbourhood of the factory. The proximity of coal has ceased to govern the location of manufacture and the new trades are establishing themselves, not in the old towns of the north, but in the green valleys and on the hillsides of the south.

New mushroom growths of urban life are springing up in the ancient solitudes, unregulated and uncontrolled.

Populations are thinning out at the centre and sprawling over the countryside. Bungaloid eruptions break out in every beauty spot, and "ribbon roads" stretch out from the towns without let or hindrance.

There is hardly a jewel on the South Coast to-day which has not lost the beauty of its setting by the uncontrolled activities of the jerry builder, and the entrance to a noble city like Oxford passes on the westward side through miles of incipient squalor.

Trampled beauty

Government departments are often the worst offenders and the desecration by the War Office or the Admiralty of places like Lulworth Cove is among the major vandalisms that are despoiling the face of Nature.

If no check is put upon this spoliation, the country in another generation or two will be, in Milton's words, "a universal blank of Nature's works, To us expunged and razed."

There will be no occasion to ask the world to come and see "Beautiful Britain," for there will be no Beautiful Britain left to see, except perhaps in the heart of the Lake District or among the mountains of North Wales.

In saying this I do not suggest that the needs of industry are to be subordinated to the claims of art and beauty. Nor do I suggest that people who work in factories should not have the pleasure of living in the country.

The more the life of the town and the country can coalesce the better. One of our most serious misfortunes is the fact that we have become an almost exclusively town-bred people, divorced from the soil and all its healing sanities. If the tide of industry is taking new channels, flowing from the north to the south and spreading out over the countryside, we cannot stop it and ought not to try to stop it.

But we should direct it and control it. We should take care that the infamies associated with the industrial revolution in the north are not repeated over a wider field.

We should take a leaf out of the book of the Germans, who in developing their industries, have shown how new towns can be planned without destroying the soul of beauty or the memorials of the past.

Why have we in this country so lamentably failed in this?

For thirty years many of us have been pleading for the adoption of something like the German system of town and country planning—something to prevent, not the development of industry, but the uncontrolled devastations of the speculative builder and the hugger-mugger squalor that is sprawling over our countryside.

If we have failed, it is not because of any inherent difficulty in the matter, but because public interests have been sacrified to private-vested interests.

The owner of building sites must be left to do what he likes with his own without any impertinent interference on the part of the public. No consideration must stand in the way of the untrammelled rights of property and the results are before us in the squalor that is spreading like a disease over the face of the country.

Is this monstrous situation to continue until there is nothing left to save? That is the question before Parliament to-day.

It arises on the measure introduced in the last Parliament by Mr. Arthur Greenwood, giving the local authorities power to control the lay-out and development of the areas in their control.

Base influences

It did not go so far as the German practice, but it was excellent in principle, and it made the municipality the architect of its own dominion. It passed through its early stages with the almost unanimous approval of the House, but unfortunately the crash came before it could become law.

It has now been taken up by the new Government, and in view of its urgency and the absence of opposition in its earlier stages we were entitled to expect that it would be passed into law with practical unanimity. But the vested interests are back in the House in full force, and they have declared war on the measure.

Beautiful Britain! What is Beautiful Britain to them compared with the rights of the private landowner and the liberties of the jerry-builder?

What business has the municipality to poke its nose into these matters? Its business is to raise rates and pull down old slums, not to prevent new slums being built wherever the landowner and the jerry-builder choose to build them.

Keep faith!

What will the National Government do in the face of this rebellion of the back benches? It is an acid test of its good faith. If it fails to survive that test it will have surrendered the last shred of claim to be a National Government, and will be the self-confessed instrument of the Vested Interests.

Not from the B.B.C:

PUSS *won't be the* UNDERDOG!

I AM a self-respecting cat,
My ears are clean, my fur is sleek,
I wipe my paws upon the mat
And dine on haddock twice a week.
Most of the day I spend in sleep,
And if upon the tiles at night
A noisy "date" I sometimes keep,
Boys will be boys—it is my right.

But from my dainty velvet paw,
Whene'er I get a bad attack
Of injured dignity, a claw
Shoots forth, and quick I arch my back
To make it known that if there is
Some fool who really wants a row
I'm ready to oblige—and this
Is just how I am feeling now!

As a rule, I don't pay much attention to the newspapers, my appetite for tripe being strictly limited.

But I sometimes cast a languid eye over the sheet in which my fish is wrapped, and this is how I came across an item which made my tail as thick as the speech of my more or less respected master when he is "kept late at the office, m' dearsh."

The paragraph that "got my whiskers" reported that at an inquest at Hammersmith the coroner stated that under the Road Traffic Act a motorist is required to stop after running down any cattle, ass, mule, sheep, pig, goat or dog, but is not required to do so if he runs down a harmless, necessary cat.

And as the Act makes no mention of geese, chickens, elephants, or the brontosaurus, a speed-fiend is presumably at liberty to bump off any of these.

* * *

My first impulse after reading this tactless coroner was to put my head in the gas-oven. Instead, I made my way to the pantry and tossed off a couple of noggins of milk neat. This gave me courage, and I resolved to put the cats' case to the public.

What justification is there for showing a half-bred mongrel more consideration than an aristocratic animal descended from a long line of cats petted by Persian princesses and Egyptian queens when Time was in swaddling clothes?

I have always heard that the law is an ass, and this presumably is why the Road Act is careful to include asses and mules among the animals protected from motorists all the year round.

Surely we are entitled to demand at least a close season for cats. As it is, a motorist can at any time send forth a "Yoicks" from his horn and course a cat as if it were a dashed canary!

Hey, diddle, diddle!
Now here's a fine riddle
For humans to solve if they can:
What wrongs have we done
Since the world was begun
That we thus should be treated by man?

The legend still thrives
That a cat has nine lives:
And this land is with road-hogs infested,
Who behave in a way
That shows plainly that they
Are resolved that the yarn shall be tested.

But there's also a tale
That our whiskers ne'er fail
To warn us of things that are pending;
And my whiskers now hint
That my claws I won't stint
If I e'er catch that coroner bending!

She won the "Gym" Prize

VERY important Joan Anne felt when her gym mistress complimented her on her skill in the gymnasium.

We can hardly believe that our Joan Anne was once delicate, for she's so bonny and fit in these days.

We believe it's because she is so fond of Rowntree's Cocoa. The Doctor says that it is a fine nourishing addition to the diet of growing children. Every morning for breakfast, and every night for supper Joan Anne takes her big cup of Rowntree's Cocoa.

Why the Doctors and Dietitians recommend Rowntree's Cocoa

Analyses have proved Rowntree's Cocoa contains minerals and other nourishing contents which are essential to the health of growing children.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

BRITISH MADE—BRITISH OWNED

3 Free Gift Coupons with every ¼-lb. tin

CO 412-96

£100 CASH A DAY

GIVEN AWAY FOR "ARMY CLUBLETS"

Buy your **DAILY HERALD** *to-day and enter this popular competition now. Remember, there is a daily prize, except Sunday, until further notice.*

NOTHING TO PAY · NO NEED TO CLAIM · MUST-BE-WON

"Army Clublets"—the new and fascinating competition—is sweeping the country.

The makers of Army Club Cigarettes are determined that every reader of "John Bull" shall prove for himself that a packet of full-size, top quality, 20-for-a-shilling cigarettes can be bought for 10½d.

'Smoking is believing'—so they offer a magnificent daily prize of £100, knowing full well that once you have tried Army Club you will never again pay more for any cigarette. Nothing to pay—only the front of a 10 packet for each attempt. And the competition is the simplest ever devised. Get a packet now; settle down to enjoy the fine flavour of these wholesome cigarettes; compose your "Army Clublet"—and the £100 may be yours in a few short days.

HOW TO WIN (1) Write a phrase about Army Club Cigarettes of not more than 12 words. One or more words in the phrase must be taken from a headline in a current copy of the "Daily Herald." (2) Underline the word or words you have taken from the "Daily Herald." (3) Send this in on the coupon taken from the same issue of the "Daily Herald" or on a sheet of plain paper bearing your name and address in BLOCK LETTERS, together with the front of a packet of Army Clubs. A packet of 10 entitles you to one attempt. A packet of 20 entitles you to two attempts. (4) You may enter as often as you like, provided that your attempts are accompanied by Army Club Packet fronts, as specified above. You may enclose as many entries as you like in each envelope. See that your name and address is on each entry. (5) Post entries in sealed envelope bearing correct postage to **"Army Clublets" No.★ Competition Cavanders Ltd., 126 Commercial St., London, E.1 (Comp.).**

★*Give number of Competition according to "Daily Herald" coupon.*

NOTE Entries must be received by noon on the closing day to be eligible for the day's prize of £100. The £100 a day prize will be given every day except Sunday until further notice for the best "Army Clublet" received. All "Army Clublets" will be judged by a staff of competition experts, and the test will be Aptness, Cleverness and Originality. Every Prize Winner will be individually notified by telegram and letter. The name and address of the prize winners will be announced daily in the "Daily Herald."

RULES (1) Entries must be made in ink. All entries become the copyright of Cavanders Ltd. Any entry that is altered or otherwise not complying with the conditions and directions will be disqualified. (2) No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost or mislaid and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. (3) The decision of the proprietors of Army Club Cigarettes on all matters relating to this contest must be accepted as final and legally binding, and no correspondence will be entered into.

Employees of Godfrey Phillips Ltd., the "Daily Herald," its associated companies, and members of their families, are not allowed to compete.

STUDY THESE EXAMPLES. EACH HAS WON £100.

"Daily Herald" Headline: *'Keeping the chest of drawers in apple-pie order.'' Page 5, Jan. 27.*
"CLUBLET": *"Keeping the 'chest' of 'drawers' in order—Army Clubs!"*
"CLUBLET": *"Judge invited; Army Clubs ignited; Jury united; Verdict—Delighted"*
"CLUBLET": *"Insure against smokers' ailments—Army Clubs Purity Policy covers your risks."*

ARMY CLUB CIGARETTES

20 for 10½d. 10 for 5½d.

CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN.

£5 per day for tobacconists. A £5 note will be sent each day to the tobacconist who supplied the winner with Army Club. Price cutters excluded.

COUPON IN TO-DAY'S DAILY HERALD FOR YOUR £100 POST TO-DAY

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., Proprietors, "*Phillips for Flavour*"

ASTOUNDING BARGAIN in MEN'S SHOES!

REDUCED FROM 13/9 to 9/9

Derby or Oxford SHOE

SENT FOR 1/- DEPOSIT

This is a remarkable offer in Men's Footwear. These Shoes are honestly worth 13/9, but for one month we are offering them at 9/9 as an inducement to readers. They are strong and durable, and are just the type of Shoe for present wear.

MB.40 is in Oxford style, with closed front (*see illustration*), **in either TAN WILLOW or BLACK BOX CALF.**

MB.41 is in Derby style, with open front and medium toe. Can be had in either TAN WILLOW or BLACK BOX CALF.

(*In ordering, please say which style required and whether Black or Tan.*)

We will send you a pair of these Shoes at once, on approval, for a deposit of 1/- only (*see Coupon*). **If you are not entirely satisfied, you may return the Shoes, unworn, and your money will be immediately refunded.**

Why not send Coupon NOW and save money?

SIZES: 6 to 11.

BARGAIN COUPON—MEN'S SHOES.
Please send me, on approval, at this week's Bargain price of 9/9, one pair Shoes.

Size required .....

Description .....

Black or Tan .....

I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- or more. ENCLOSE COUPON WITH NAME AND FULL ADDRESS AND POSTAL ORDER CROSSED THUS / /.

Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.
"John Bull," 13/2/32. No. 699.

Post your order to—
Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 699, Ambron House, 80, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

Warded off INFLUENZA..

"LAST Saturday I had a temperature and all the symptoms of influenza. I ached all over. On a friend's advice I decided to try your Musterole Brand Ointment. I applied the ointment before going to bed Saturday night and put on a second application Sunday. Monday morning the cold was completely broken up, and in a day or so was entirely gone."
—A.R.C., Burlington Gardens, Chiswick.

● ● ●

If you feel feverish and ache all over, rub on this clean, white ointment, and feel the pain easing ... going ... gone, as the tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. Thousands have used this famous ointment for years because it brings such quick relief. Ask any user. They will tell you how effective it is for relieving those 'flu pains, breaking up congestion and drawing out inflammation. Your favourite chemist has Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. Get a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT
MADE IN ENGLAND.

Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

LUXURY LOVER'S Widow Dupes

SOMEWHERE at large to-day is a handsome, young Australian named William Andrew Moreton Richmond. And vainly looking for him are a number of disillusioned women whom he has cruelly victimised.

One of his latest dupes is a widow who, on promise of marriage, was induced to entrust the bulk of a £10,000 legacy to his care.

I propose to deal with some aspects of her story as it sheds considerable light upon Richmond's methods and may serve to curb his future activities. But, for obvious reasons, I do not wish to divulge her name.

William Andrew Moreton Richmond is perfectly at home in the more exclusive hotels; he loves luxury and always contrives to move in fashionable circles and to mingle with wealthy folk.

But, for all his polish, he is a dangerous rogue and the associate of notorious confidence tricksters, who know him as "Pretty Billy" because of his good looks and charm of manner.

His £10,000 victim is the widow of a famous stage comedian, whom he first met in a fashionable night club in the West End of London. On the first occasion he was content to chat casually of Australia, knowing that the widow had been there and would be interested in his remarks.

In smart restaurants, at glittering cabarets, Richmond wooed and won—a widow's fortune

Insidious methods

In fact, he was anxious to allow the friendship to ripen gradually during the ensuing weeks, when he met the widow at various clubs and cafés.

He confided that he was a financier with world-wide interests. In the course of different conversations he spoke of his "vast interests" in Australia and New York.

By this means he drew from the widow the fact that her own money was chiefly invested in shares, and as a friendly gesture he suggested that he would be pleased to give her the benefit of his advice at any time and could probably save her a lot of money.

On his suggestion, she produced a list of her investments for him to run his "professional eye" over it. He then hinted that some of her money might be better employed under his skilled guidance, and told her in confidence of a proposition which he had had in mind for some time.

"Big money" bluff

This was the establishment of a first-class hotel in Australia. He said he was prepared to sink a good deal of money in this project, but had been looking for a partner who, besides investing, would be able to take an active part in the management of the hotel.

The widow was interested because she was contemplating investing some money, so Richmond discussed details most enthusiastically and urged her to think it over.

Terms of the proposed partnership were drawn up in a thoroughly businesslike fashion, and it was arranged that a joint account should be opened in a London bank so that they could draw upon this for preliminary expenses.

All this time, Richmond was talking in big figures. The Australian hotel was only one of countless irons he was supposed to have in the fire. He was equally enthusiastic about a huge financial deal he was completing in New York.

Then, one day, when her confidence had been completely won, Richmond played his master card.

After discussing his various alleged enterprises with his usual enthusiasm, he suggested that perhaps the partnership could be something closer and stronger than a mere business transaction. With all the art at his command he proposed marriage, and after a few days' consideration the widow accepted.

Wedding fixed

Richmond was no laggard lover. He sought the society of his bride-to-be daily and took her to all the most fashionable hotels and restaurants to keep up the illusion of his own great wealth.

Lunching at a popular restaurant, he announced with great excitement that his American deal had matured, and declared that he would receive a very large sum indeed as his profit. He expected the cheque to reach him during the next week or so.

Their wedding was now being planned, and Richmond actually took his fiancée to a register office in South London to make enquiries about the length of residence necessary before the ceremony could be performed.

Finally, it was decided that they should be married in the north of England, where the widow had numerous friends. The wedding day was actually fixed.

Meanwhile, on the pretext of offering advice, Richmond had contrived to gain control of a number of the widow's investments and had negotiated several cash loans to tide him over until he could collect the big money that was shortly due to him.

As the wedding-day drew near, he announced that he had to proceed to Germany on urgent business, and, like a truly ardent lover, he declared that he could not bear the thought of this impending separation.

Why shouldn't they spend Christmas in Germany together? He would be occupied with business most of the time, it was true, but he would be glad to have her with him, and there was no reason why she should not be having a good time where he tackled the work.

He booked their seats and they left on a luxurious train, just as he had planned.

But on the journey Richmond dolefully confided that he would have to stay at Paris for a time, as he had urgent business to transact on the Bourse.

He told her to go on to Berlin and promised to follow by the midnight express as soon as his business was concluded.

A room had been booked for the widow at a smart hotel, and there she settled down to wait—for disillusion!

Richmond callously left her to her own resources, without even troubling to write a scribbled note to explain his prolonged absence.

Disillusion

Her suspicions aroused at last, she at once returned to England, where she made a number of disquieting discoveries.

Then it became painfully clear to her that she had fallen into the toils of a heartless fortune-hunter, whose ardent professions of undying affection had meant nothing.

It was hard to believe that the suave Richmond, who had always seemed so polished and gentlemanly, was in reality a hardened rogue; but evidence of his perfidy was soon forthcoming.

She found that he had sold all the valuable shares which he had been supposed to handle for her benefit, and had also pocketed cash derived from the sale of her house.

The money represented by these misappropriations, and the various sums loaned to tide him over temporary difficulties, totalled by far the greater part of the modest fortune left to her by her husband.

The widow has lost her home, and from being comfortably off she has been practically ruined by Richmond's cruel deception.

Other victims

And she is only one of a number of widows and girls who have fallen under the spell of this polished rascal.

Richmond, as I say, is now at large, enjoying the spoils of his despicable duplicity, and doubtless still living in luxury while his victims are struggling to make both ends meet.

If any readers can throw light on his present whereabouts I shall be pleased to hear from them—and so will the police.

Make Sure of the *Future* NOW!

IT was a sad day when a fire broke out in the home of one of our readers who lives at Knaresboro', Yorks. While the flames were destroying precious belongings, the wife was ill in hospital. The little family, therefore, were under an extra heavy expense.

But our reader was a man of foresight. He had signed the registration forms for our Great Free Insurance "just in case something happened." So instead of having only vain regrets he received a cheque to cover the damage and help the wife.

The letter he wrote to JOHN BULL is full of thanks. "Rest assured," he says, "that I have made the facts known. I was compensated to my satisfaction."

Put yourself in this reader's place for a moment. Supposing *your* home were a prey to the flames; supposing *your* wife were seriously ill. Could you look to JOHN BULL for a timely cheque to repair the damage—extra money to put the roses into pale cheeks?

Now that JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance has undergone far-reaching improvements, there is more reason than ever why you should cover yourself and your home with the most practical, the most comprehensive Home and Family Free Insurance ever offered by a paper to its readers.

* * *

The praise which is being showered on our Great Gift in its increased form shows no sign of abating. Thousands who had previously put off signing the forms registered without delay immediately they saw the vital and generous new Benefits which were offered under the 1932 Scheme.

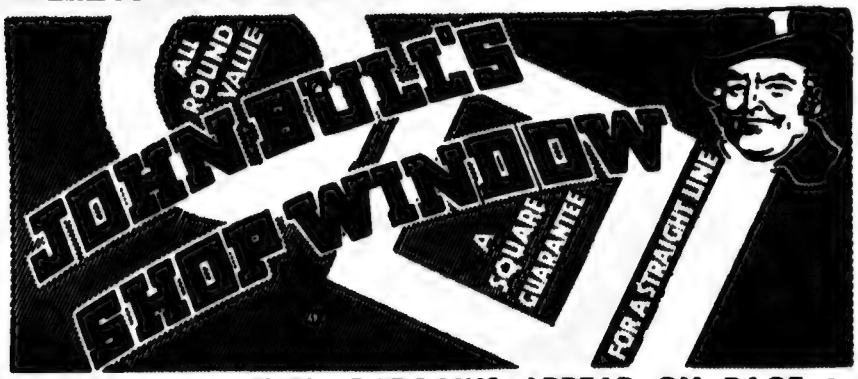
The 10 per cent. bonus to be added to benefits paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more will prove a boon indeed.

The exclusive new Benefits covering Burglary and Housebreaking up to £200 form further unique protection which no other paper provides. The increase in Fire Benefits from £400 to £1,000 is another master stroke on JOHN BULL'S part which has earned the gratitude of our readers.

Emphasis is again laid on the fact that they will receive the full amount of the assessed loss and not be asked to bear the first £2 of it, as in the case of other newspaper insurance schemes.

Similar protection to that now offered by JOHN BULL would, if taken out through an insurance company, cost at least £2 2s. per annum.

To be *sure* is better than to be sorry. If you have not yet registered for JOHN BULL'S Greatly Increased Insurance Gift, sign the registration forms on page 34 NOW.



MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 3

Ellis's BUNGALOWS

£118 COMPLETE

In complete sections for easy erection by amateurs. Hundreds of sizes and designs.

Other designs:—

20' x 10' (2 rooms)	£26 10
30' x 10' (3 rooms)	£47 0
40' x 10' (4 rooms)	£63 0

Carriage Paid. Easiest of EASY TERMS.
FREE ART CATALOGUE. *Separate Catalogues of Bungalows, Pavilions, Garages, Greenhouses, Huts, etc. (State which required.)*
G. ELLIS & Co., Pope Wharf, Gainsborough Rd., London, E.9

MEN—for COMFORT and APPEARANCE

wear a Beasley

WONDER BELT

An upright carriage compels attention. Get rid of superfluous flesh, and have an athlete's figure. Equal for value and results to the expensive belts advertised. Made from fine materials so light in weight you hardly know you have it on. In grey and pink. Take advantage of this wonderful offer now. State waist measure and send P.O. without delay for **6/11**
Over 42 inches 1/6 extra. Similar Belt for women at same price up to 36 ins. with suspenders. Over 36 ins. 1/6 extra. Goods exchanged or money refunded if unsuitable.
BEASLEY SURGICAL BELTS, Dept. 208, 28, Charing X Rd., W.C.2
Catalogue of Belts and Corsets for men and women free on request.

PIANO OR ORGAN DELIVERED at YOUR HOME 15/-

This superb Piano or Organ 15/- monthly, delivered free at your home upon receipt of 15/-. No Deposit Required. The CRANE PIANO—(famed for 80 years)—an instrument of highest quality, built by expert craftsmen, is supplied in Rosewood, Walnut or Ebonised case, hand polished to a mirror-like lustre.

EVERY INSTRUMENT GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS.
The CRANE PIANO incorporates all modern improvements :— Iron frame, check action, full compass, full trichord, bushed keys, etc. Tone is pure and of rich resonance. Touch delicate and responsive.
The CRANE ORGAN is an ideal instrument for Home, Hall or School, etc. Case of dark Walnut, artistically ornamented, equipped with mirror music receptacle, desk, etc. The magnificent tone is of Pipe organ quality: sweet and mellow. Write for illustrated Catalogue No. 240 of Pianos, Player-Pianos, Organs, etc. Free on request. **We make full allowance for old instruments.** A selection of Second-hand Instruments also in Stock (List on application). RADIO GRAMOPHONES & RECEIVERS by leading makers. Lists free.

Pianos by all Leading Makers, including Chappell, Challen, Rogers, Brinsmead, Hopkinson, etc.

Crane & Sons, Ltd.

149, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1. *Head Office:* HANOVER ST., LIVERPOOL.

WADDED DOWN QUILTS FREE

ONLY 20/- THE LOT

2 White Woolly Blankets 90x70
2 Good Strong Sheets 90x70
2 White Pillow Slips 30x18
1 White Bolster Case 58x18
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80x60
2 Turkish Hand Towels
½ doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs
ALL DOUBLE-BED SIZE.
(Compare sizes before buying elsewhere.)
Immediate Delivery. Carriage Free. Cash or C.O.D.
A HANDSOME WADDED DOWN QUILT sent Free with each Bale, and in addition a lovely Pair of Ladies' Synthetic Silk Stockings to every customer who sends full cash with order.
ALL BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

SATISFACTION!
Mrs. S. E. Bartrum, of 40, Union Road, Rotherhithe, S.E., writes:—
"*Dear Sirs,* 26/1/32.
"*Many thanks for your well and neatly packed Bale which I received to-day, only three days after ordering. One pound spent with you equals nearly two spent in the shops here. Already one friend has seen the things and means to order likewise. Thanking you once again, Gentlemen.*"
(We receive many similar letters daily.)

GUARANTEE!!
"John Bull's" famous guarantee covers this remarkable Bargain.
YOUR MONEY BACK IN FULL IF NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED!!
DON'T DELAY: SEND TO-DAY.

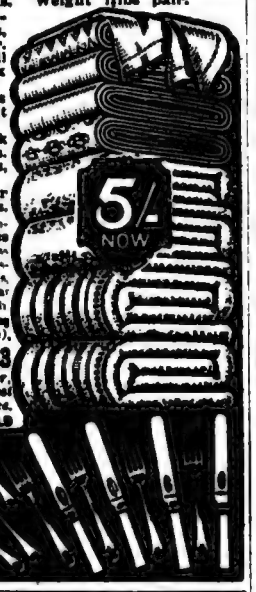
FREE GIFTS!!!
A boon to every thrifty householder. We send, absolutely free of charge, in each bale a cosy warm Wadded Down Quilt, and in addition to this handsome gift we shall also present to every customer who sends full cash with order a lovely pair of Ladies' Synthetic Silk Stockings. This opportunity may not occur again. There are months of cold nights to come! Post your order NOW!!

STANDARD (MURMAX) LTD.
Dept. 6.K., 189-191, PRINCESS STREET, MANCHESTER.

LUXURY COMFORT

AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.
GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the
WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 68 x 88 ins. Weight 7½lbs pair.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 72 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins.
IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 18-Piece Cutlery Service:—4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, while all through
The Complete Sale (including the 18 Piece Cutlery Service), Ready for Immediate Delivery. Carriage Paid. Price £3
TERMS: 5/- with Order, and 5/- Monthly. Packed Approval. Catalogue Free.
J. B. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD



'get' that cold ...before..... it gets YOU!

Don't say to yourself 'it's only a cold.' A cold left to go its own way will assuredly get the better of you. So get Galloway's, and give the cold its 'marching orders.'

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY

Mr. George Clarke, the well-known comedian, writes :—" It is most essential for me to keep free from coughs and colds, and for some time past I have relied entirely upon Galloway's Cough Syrup, with the most satisfactory results. I can always be sure of giving my turn without having to contend with coughs and colds."

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle, or direct from P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E.17, price 1/9 and 3/3 post free.

END RUPTURE

NO RESULTS NO PAY

trouble and expense. Be stronger than ever—CHEAPLY, QUICKLY, PERMANENTLY, under solid money back GUARANTEE. No matter what you have tried, let me send it to you on ONE MONTH'S TRIAL at my risk. Saves pounds on belts. Greatest rupture discovery made. NO promises—NO elastic trusses, but a wonderful British invention.
PATENT No. 344002/29.
FRAS. BURKE (A.2), 6, The Grove, Gravesend, Kent.
TEST IT FREE for ONE MONTH!
DO YOU SEND THIS AD OVER

SEND NO MONEY.

Sent on Free Approval on receipt of a postcard.

The "SOUTHERN ISLES" UKULELE BANJO.

You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board; sweet, mellow tone; solidly built; highly polished finish. 30/- VALUE for 11/6. We will send you one of these "Southern Isles" real Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/6 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/6 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days, 10/6 only.—J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 49), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

£950

Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 150.

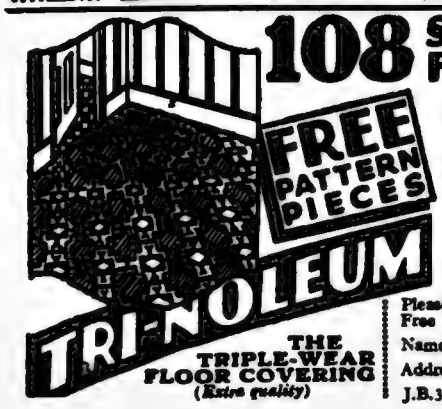
The only correct solution in this contest was received from:
D. J. MILLINGTON, 87, Grosvenor Park Road, Walthamstow, E.17,
who, subject to the conditions of the competition, will receive the £800 offered.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, February 23, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the 7 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £21 8s. 7d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Another Splendid X-Word, with a First Prize of a Pension of £3 a Week for Life or £1,250 cash and £50 to be divided between the Runners-up, appears on Page 22. Try Your Skill Now!

108 SQ FT for ONLY 2/- DOWN



THE TRIPLE-WEAR FLOOR COVERING (*Extra quality*)

You can now obtain this wonderful NEW-PROCESS Floor Covering on Easy Terms! Delivered (162 sq. ft.) on receipt of deposit of only 2/-. Balance payable in 10 weekly sums of 2/-. Longer lengths pro rata. Warranted damp- and rot-proof. Exceptionally long-wearing. Ideal covering for stone or brick floors—Lies flat—no fixing required. Damp cloth cleans perfectly. Send NOW for Free Pattern Pieces of TRI-NOLEUM (extra quality).

USE THIS COUPON
To Jones' Stores, 61, London Road, Croydon.
Please send me full particulars of TRI-NOLEUM, Free Pattern Pieces, and Easy Terms Order Form.
Name.....
Address.....
J.B.3.....

No "After Bite" When Shaving with Cuticura Shaving Cream

A small amount quickly becomes a thick, lasting lather that penetrates to the hair follicles, while the medicated properties of Cuticura soothe the skin.

Price 1s. 6d. a tube. Sold at chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

BOY *Blinded and Maimed*

A Dark Chapter in the Story of the Worst Institution in Britain

Harold Lee as he is to-day, crippled and disfigured

BLINDED and maimed while under official "care"! That is the tragedy of young Harold Lee, the fifteen-year-old son of a company director, of New Road, Chingford, Essex.

Eleven months ago this lad was removed to Rampton State Institution, supposedly for his own welfare; he is back in his home to-day "on licence" for six months, a bedridden wreck. He will be disfigured for life!

Young life ruined

This poor boy's story is one of the most harrowing we have ever encountered.

We cannot hope to find words adequately to express the sympathy we feel for him and his family, or the indignation we feel towards the authorities whose callousness has shattered this young life.

Harold is an only son, and since he had the misfortune to become afflicted with sleepy sickness at the age of seven, no expense has been spared to secure for him the best possible treatment.

For some months the little fellow was under a specialist in Tottenham Hospital; then he received treatment at Great Ormond Street, London, W.C.

But, as often happens with sleepy sickness, the boy's mental advancement was sadly retarded, so that his tuition in class became increasingly difficult as the illness dragged on.

The outcome was that about a year ago the Essex Education Committee reported Harold's case to the local authorities dealing with mental deficiency.

A woman inspector from the Board of Control then visited the Lee household and urged that Harold be placed in an institution specially designed for treating such cases.

Lame explanations

It really seemed that it was all for the best, so arrangements were made for the boy's reception in the juvenile section of the Rampton State Institution.

The parents never suspected that there would be any disturbing sequel. Harold was tractable and had never been in trouble of any kind. At the most, he was inclined to be hasty tempered; but with tactful handling he was always well behaved.

Moreover, before his departure for Rampton his health was definitely improving; he was able to walk well and to ride a bicycle.

When Mr. Lee visited his son two months after his admission to Rampton he at once had reason to doubt that the care and supervision of the State institution was having beneficial effects.

The boy had apparently made no progress at all.

On his second visit, a month or two later, the father's worst fears were confirmed. He was distressed to find his boy's face black and blue with bruises; but the official explanation was that Harold had been "falling about."

He naturally considered it a shameful thing that a patient who was supposed to be under official care should be allowed to injure himself in this fashion; but his experience of Rampton was then limited.

As the months passed, Mr. Lee received a series of distressing shocks. *Every time he visited his son he found the lad had sustained some fresh injury!*

On one occasion he was limping, had a cauliflower ear and a bloodshot eye.

Mr. Lee immediately complained to the Essex County Council, who referred him to the Board of Control, whose callous disregard for parental feeling is notorious.

A further visit found Harold with a seriously damaged nose; then came a telegram with the tragic news that the boy had been sent to Lincoln Hospital for the immediate removal of his right eye!

When Mr. Lee reached Lincoln he found his son in a lamentable condition, weak and ill, with his head swathed in bandages.

The official "explanation" of this tragedy is before us at the moment, and we deem it in the public interest that certain extracts should be quoted.

"*Three days ago*, Harold pulled the breakfast cloth off the table," the letter runs, "and in the scramble *it would seem* that the edge of the cloth touched his eye. *It was not injured* but hurt a little, and when he rubbed it the eye became rather red. A lotion was ordered, and last night there was nothing more than a little fading redness of the eye.

"Before seven this morning *it would appear* that *some* sudden hæmorrhage occurred behind the eyeball, pushing it forward, and when he touched the side of the eye, or pressed it, dislocation and *probably* rupture of the eyeball occurred."

The italics throughout are ours.

Harold, now home after his terrible experiences, frankly admits that he was injured in a rough and tumble with two other boys. But if officialdom were to admit this it would also have to admit that three patients, supposedly under special care, were not under proper supervision.

Even if we charitably accept the laboured official explanation, there still remains the fact that Harold has sustained other injuries during his brief period "under restraint" in Rampton. His nose and ear are badly disfigured.

Mr. L. G. Brock, chairman of the Board of Control. Will he order an enquiry? Above is Dr. W. Rees Thomas, medical superintendent of Rampton Institution

Brutal attendants?

If this were an isolated case it would be sufficiently monstrous to warrant an official enquiry into the system of alleged "control" exercised in Rampton Institution.

But it is not isolated. We have before us a formidable dossier containing scores of complaints regarding the callousness, brutality and lack of proper supervision at Rampton.

Built originally as a criminal lunatic asylum, it now houses a variety of patients—men, women, girls and boys—including many who have been transferred from prisons, Borstal institutions, certified institutions and establishments for mental defectives.

The number of inmates tends to increase every year. At present it is about a thousand.

"It is a common thing to see patients in the refractory ward with black eyes and bruised bodies," writes one poor lad. "But no notice is taken of it by the attendants, who are nothing less than common bullies."

Terrible allegations

This same writer declares that he has seen a patient kicked unmercifully. Another complains that a patient's eye was blackened by two attendants; a third names a man who has been brutally kicked.

"We are treated like dogs," is the lament of yet another patient. "I was kicked and had my ribs broken and was in bed for eight weeks. But it was hushed up."

Our dossier contains countless allegations of this character, and when we consider that they have emanated from various sources, at various times, it is clear that all is far from well at Rampton.

Taken in conjunction with the tragedy of young Harold Lee, these disquieting complaints make out a very strong case for an official enquiry into the whole administration of this institution.

We urge the Home Secretary to act at once. We will gladly place our files at his disposal.

MAN AND WIFE, LTD.

A NUMBER of people have, during the past few months, been robbed of their life-savings by a man called Leo Stanley, of 35, Forty Avenue, Wembley Park, London.

Stanley first operated as L. Stanley and Co., Ltd., importers, exporters and manufacturers' agents, of 3, Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, W.C. His co-director was Mrs. E. Stanley, his wife.

By means of advertisements in the daily Press, Stanley engaged several men as travellers on a commission basis, and, after a few weeks' work, induced some of them by specious promises to raise money to put in the business.

To-day they are penniless.

One investor, who by thrift and hard work had gathered together a few hundred pounds, despite the fact that he was rearing a growing family, is now on the "dole."

Another man invested £200. He started work, and within a few days he had, by one pretext and another, been induced to lend about £80 to cover immediate expenses.

The loan was to be repaid almost immediately. It is owing still.

He began to press for his money, only to find that other men were in a similar situation.

One, a commercial traveller, was induced to part with nearly £200.

Then the firm of L. Stanley and Co., Ltd., was allowed to slide into obscurity, and the Garthwood Manufacturing Company came into being. The directors, as in the previous venture, were Leo Stanley and his wife.

With renewed vigour, Stanley searched for men with money to invest. So further investors, all seeking employment, were found. One put in £200.

This man had hardly got settled in the office when another was brought in on the same terms, he, too, investing £200.

Stanley was careful to tell neither of these men about the vicissitudes of L. Stanley and Co., Ltd.

He is still prodigious in promises, and is sparing no effort to mulct further victims.

In these difficult times this method of inducing men of moderate means to part with their capital—capital which, in most cases, is all that stands between them and dire want—is exploitation of the cruellest type.

Stanley's operations call for immediate action by the police.

The most nourishing food you can drink!

All that scientists know of the blending and balancing of pure natural foods is in this delicious tonic beverage. The four foods used are in exactly the right proportion to ensure ease of digestion and each of them is the best of its kind—if there were better Fry's would use them.

Such a food-drink need not be expensive. Possessing the special advantages of new machinery and unique opportunities in buying, Fry's are able to present a product at a price that is a triumph for British capital and labour. Do not drink a haphazard mixture of powdered malt, milk powder, dried eggs and cocoa. Drink the 4 foods in 1—Fry's Malted Milk Cocoa with Eggs.

PURE ENGLISH LIQUID MALT EXTRACT— from brown sun-ripened barley—the finest, most health-giving malt that money can buy. **SELECTED ENGLISH EGGS**—Every day the golden yolks of thousands of English farmhouse eggs become one of the "Four foods in One."

FRY'S WORLD-FAMOUS COCOA—the standard by which all cocoa is judged. There is no purer, more strengthening cocoa in the world. **BRITISH MILK**—*nature's essential food*—pure **MILK**, with all its virtues—the finest food base obtainable.

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MALTED MILK COCOA
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P.D.6.A

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The slow, dignified gait of the judges in this parade is typical, isn't it? M'lud must quicken his pace—and work a little longer

JUDGES *mustn't* Grumble

by a

LONDON MAGISTRATE

OUR judges have been—shall I say it?—a little disgruntled. They have "made representations." And judges of the High Court make representations where labourers strike.

They were unhappy about the 20 per cent. cut in their salaries, which brought them down to the somewhat-above-starvation level of a little under £4 for each hour of sitting. But now the Cabinet is to restore the cut.

They still think that there should be more judges, a view which the Lord Chancellor does not appear to share.

In other words, if they had a trade union, it would have said they were dissatisfied with their hours, their pay and their conditions, which is as sweeping as any trade union can be.

Slave-driven?

This being so, they took the only course open to them — they have "made representations."

Now, if it is true that the business of the courts has increased while the number of judges has been reduced, if we are really working our judges to breaking-point, you and I have got a responsibility in the matter.

But is it? Are the judges entitled to the tears we have been asked to shed on their behalf?

They themselves probably think they are. But are they good judges of facts so closely concerning themselves; as good judges, say, as you and I?

Let us for once, then, judge the judges. It is a novel rôle. And we shall enlist the co-operation of Justice and her scales.

Now, what are the facts?

It is said that there are heavy arrears of work, a matter that I will dispute later.

If it is true, then it is because we are underworking our judges.

If it is true, much of the fault must be due to the fact that they had three weeks' holiday for Christmas; that they are taking no less than sixteen weeks' holiday in every year.

Six months' work

The average year's work of either a High Court judge or member of the Court of Appeal, based on the latest figures available, consists of 185 days of sitting.

If the scientist or the bootmaker found himself getting behind with his work on the basis of a 185 days' working year, his employer would be faced with the alternative of employing another man or making him work more days. And I know what his choice would be.

You will point out, and rightly, too, that no man has greater responsibilities than a judge, that he needs far more leisure than the average person. It is for that very reason that he has a working day of a length that would seem absurd to other professional men.

If, anxious to make a special study of him and his job, you should go to the Law Courts a few minutes before ten in the morning, you would be too early.

And making your visit after 4.30 p.m. you would be too late. He would have gone, and so would all his fellow-judges.

You would find the great hall of the Law Courts as silent as a mausoleum, and a judge carved in stone, a monument of doubtful artistic beauty, the only one you could look at.

You might even go at midday and find him gone. Sometimes the work does not go beyond lunch-time—often, indeed, the court does not go on beyond two or half-past.

"M'lud," says counsel, "you will not be troubled with this case. The parties have come to terms."

M'lud rises.

There was a time when judges sat on Saturdays. Curiously, that was in the far-off days when, according to our judges, there was far less work for the courts to perform.

Divorce cases and cases arising out of the rush of modern road transport are, we are told, making our judges busier.

So they do not sit on Saturdays now. It seems strange.

And is it true that the "fast and furious" modes of life to-day are providing the courts with more work, as is so commonly stated?

More and more disillusioned people are, it is true, going along to the divorce judges to have them snap what they regarded on their wedding-days as eternal links.

Laggard cases

And the mad rush of motor traffic on our roads is providing the King's Bench Division with the sort of cases never heard of a few generations back.

We are often told that—but we are never shown the other picture.

Where are the cases that used to drag along week after week, the sort that you had just got interested in when you sailed for America and found still going on when you returned?

Where, for instance, are the old patent cases that used to last forty or fifty days in the Chancery Court, and keep certain expert witnesses almost continually before the public?

The fact is, of course, that there isn't the money about for the conduct of such litigation. They may come again when trade is swinging along again in its good old stride—in fact, I think they will.

They only counted as one case each in the statistics of the day, it must be remembered.

To-day, the Divorce Courts can dispose of a hundred undefended suits in one sitting. It is not uncommon for the President to dispose of thirty-three and the other two judges of twenty-five each.

We are told a lot about the increases in such divorce cases, but nothing at all about the total disappearance of the cases that really took the time.

It is said that the present session began with four hundred cases in the list unheard from last term. I said earlier that I would dispute that there were such arrears, and I do so now.

Most of them have been automatically carried into this list, as you would carry them from Friday into the next Monday, and are therefore not arrears at all.

Judicial noses—

Evidence has to be got abroad. Witnesses have to be found. There are many reasons for the law's delays quite apart from shortage of judges.

Not 100 of those 400 cases were unheard because there were no judges to hear them. Therefore the arrears numbered fewer than a hundred cases.

But, even if there were a thousand, isn't it the obvious course to give our judges slightly longer hours, a little less than sixteen weeks' holiday a year, and perhaps a five-and-a-half-day week before shouting for the appointment of more judges?

If they say that six hours a day five days a week is already too strenuous for them, we should begin to think in terms of younger and fitter judges.

Lord Sankey said at the end of last summer that the courts could cope with the work if there were no sickness on the Bench.

No private employer carries a reserve staff in case of sickness, so why should the fact that certain judges have fallen ill be used as an excuse for appointing more judges?

The solution for employers is a temporary staff—for the law it is the same: commissioners, who are in effect temporary judges.

—to the grindstone!

As I have said, it would be your responsibility and mine if our judges really were the victims of injustice.

If they were, they would be almost voiceless in the matter, and certainly unable to carry their grievances along to the public ear. Therefore, our responsibility is the greater.

In my view, especially as their salaries are to be increased from £4,000 to the old figure of £5,000, they should be made to work longer hours with fewer holidays. Then we should hear no more talk of arrears.

The Human Machine

How Old Are You?

DON'T say this is a silly question, because it is very doubtful if you really know what you're being asked. A man's years have little to do with his age, and the number of years you happen to have lived is only one aspect of the question—and a not very important one at that.

You have a mental age as well as a physical age. You have an emotional age—and many a mature man can be very childish in that respect. You may be as old as your arteries, or you may be a good deal younger than your looks.

You need not necessarily be the same age all over. Your eyes may be older than your nerves. Your mind may be much younger than your body.

Science, in fact, has been demonstrating for years that age, as measured by the mechanical passage of years, is a mighty poor standard of measurement. For we are as old as we wish—or as young as we care to be. We each of us possess the key to the Fountain of Perpetual Youth if we care to use it.

We are, in fact, just as old as our interests. Every time we acquire fresh interests we acquire a fresh lease of youth. And the people who refuse to grow old are those who keep alive the power of acquiring these new interests.

The great secret of youth is its ability to look forward, to keep on doing things, and keep on being enthusiastic in their achievement. And the way to keep young is to keep on cultivating just these abilities.

We begin to grow old all over just as soon as we get stuck in a rut. You can't stop your body being a year older with every twelve months that pass; but if your mind crusts over with it, that's no one's fault but your own.

LLOYD G

Grave

THE nations of the world are now assembled for a great Conference on Disarmament—a conference for which prodigious preparations have been made by commissions, committees and preliminary conferences.

Never has the public opinion of the world looked forward so anxiously for results from any international conference.

An impoverished world groans at the prospect of having to find this year out of its meagre purse over £900,000,000 for the upkeep of huge machines for human slaughter. Will hopes be realised?

I sincerely trust they will; but I cannot ignore the fact that the history of disarmament movements since the close of the World War has been in the main a disappointing record of cynical lip-service to the cause of peace, masked by a persistent trust in the weapons and methods of war.

Actual achievement in this field since the war can be quickly summarised.

Under the Peace Settlement the victors insisted upon the complete disarmament, by land and sea, of the Central Powers of Europe, promising faithfully to follow their example once they set it beyond question.

¶ *Around the Geneva Conference table sit the men who want to make the world safe for peace. And all around them is the ever-growing menace of the great aggressive weapons of war. Which will win—the men or the menace?*

Their system of compulsory military training was abolished, and their standing armies reduced to a size that would suffice only for the quelling of internal disorder, but would be quite inadequate for defence against aggression by even the smallest of their neighbours.

Their navies were sequestrated, and they were limited as regards future construction to a tonnage which would barely suffice for coastal defence.

America and the British Empire dismantled their great armies and abolished conscription, and Britain further reduced her Army establishment to a figure distinctly lower than it was before the war.

An important measure of naval disarmament was achieved at the Washington Conference in 1921, leading to the scrapping of seventy battleships from the navies of Great Britain, the U.S.A. and Japan, and a restriction on future building programmes for capital ships.

And at the London Naval Conference, in 1930, a limitation on all classes of ships of war was agreed between these three Powers.

On the other hand, when we turn to the land armaments of the European Powers other than Germany, we find that the total of their forces and accoutrements for war is in fact not less, but greater, than it was before the outbreak of the world war.

When the Germans raised queries with regard to the disarmament sections of the proposed treaty before signing it, they were informed officially that the Allied and Associated Powers wished to make it clear that their requirements in regard to German armaments were only:

"The first steps towards the general reduction and limitation of armaments which they sought to bring about as one of the most fruitful preventives of war, and which it would be one of the first duties of the League of Nations to promote."

The Council of the League was entrusted by the covenant signed by fifty-five nations with the duty of formulating plans of such reduction for consideration and action by the several Governments.

Where and what are "the plans for disarmament"? It has taken thirteen years to formulate them. These thirteen years have not had a parallel in history for their record of shameless defiance of solemn pledges given by nation to nation.

Germany and Austria were harshly stripped of all arms except those scant armaments permitted by the treaty. It was done with a relentlessness that left no doubt as to its completeness.

France's betrayal

When Germany was reduced to utter helplessness, France and her Continental associates proceeded not to redeem but to reverse their promise. They actually took steps to increase their own military strength.

France, to strengthen yet further her aggressive power against her prostrate enemy or any other potential foe, entered into military alliances with the new countries that encircle Germany and Austria.

And whilst professing her inability to find the means wherewith to pay her debts to Britain or America, or even to her own frugal peasants, France advanced large sums to enable her allies to purchase munitions of war.

The French Army to-day is undoubtedly the most formidable military machine the world has ever seen.

With its trained reserves, it totals about five million men, and it is equipped with the most redoubtable accumulation of destructive weapons any army has ever possessed.

Ten million soldiers

In addition, Belgium and Poland, and the little Entente, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, are all the military vassals of France, with armies aggregating with reserves several millions of men, all trained on French lines and in some instances by French missions.

With their active forces and their trained reserves, France and her allies could muster upwards of ten million troops to put into the field against Germany.

In their arsenals they have weapons and munitions of war sufficient to enable them to put a force of many millions into the field, fully equipped, within a short time after the outbreak of hostilities. Germany has an army of 100,000 men.

Since the abolition of compulsory military service the number of her trained reservists has, of course, been rapidly dwindling, and in any case she has no equipment for them, as under the treaty she was compelled to surrender her war stores, and limited as regards future supplies to a very meagre allowance for her slender forces.

It cannot be seriously suggested that national safety requires France to have at her command forces outnumbering those of her former foe by 5,000 per cent., or, with those of her military allies, by 10,000 per cent.

This is the real problem for the Disarmament Conference.

Whilst this building up and equipping of colossal armies was going on, France and her Allies have been represented on a Disarmament Commission at Geneva, which has for years been solemnly sitting on a chalk egg.

Had French militarists displayed half as much skill during the Great War in driving out the invaders of their native land as they have shown in beating off at Geneva all attacks on their swollen armaments, the Germans would never have crossed the Meuse.

Whilst they are engaged in improving and increasing their deadly weapons, they have, with a smile, allowed their statesmen to sign every flashy declaration about peace, arbitration and disarmament submitted to them.

Disarm, or—

Hence Locarno, with its love-feasts ending in the glittering climax of the Kellogg Pact which outlawed war for ever—all followed immediately by a shameless increase in war equipment.

Europe cannot afford any more of these expensive shams. They each of them add something to a burden of armaments which has already ground the currencies of Europe into fragments.

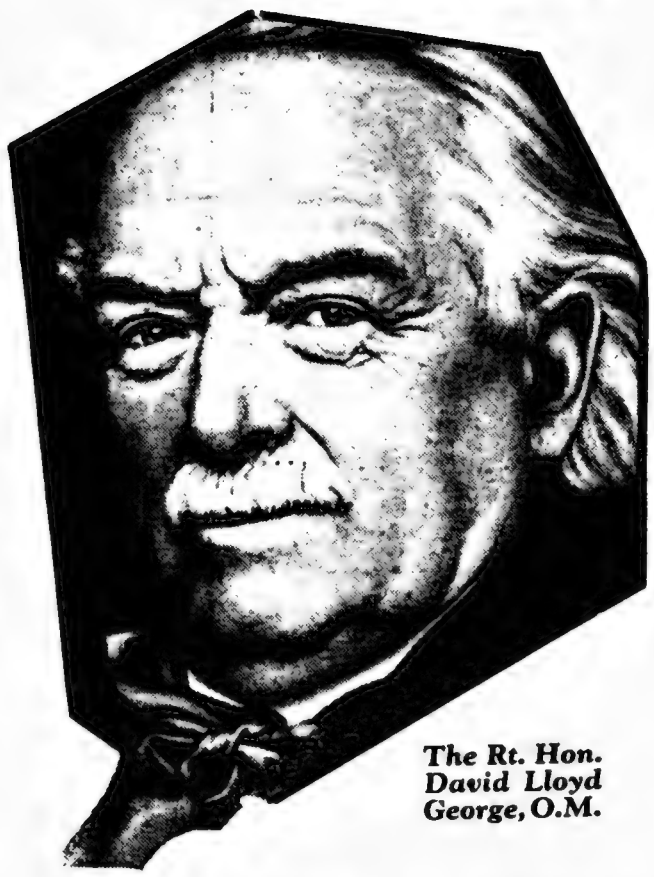
If the present conference fails to bring about a real and considerable measure of genuine disarmament, it will be worse than useless;

Unshackled and unmuzzled, Mr. Henderson is free at last to speak his mind

o GEORGE'S

rave Words:

I Warn the World!



The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O.M.

it may well prove the starting-point for a new era of competitive armaments.

If one group of parties to the Versailles Treaty in effect tear up the solemn undertakings they then gave to disarm, they cannot expect Germany to keep indefinitely to her side of the bargain.

If the rest of Europe does not honestly proceed to disarm, we must expect the Central Powers before long to re-arm. The international situation will then indeed be a grave one.

It is no use dismissing the peril with a scoff at the histrionics of Hitlerism. That movement represents the honest fury of the youth of Germany with the way the Fatherland was tricked into disarming its defences. A great nation driven to despair is a peril to the world.

In my view, the conference ought to set before itself definitely as its agreed aim the reduction of all armaments to a level sufficient for the preservation in each country of internal order, and for frontier defence against aggression by correspondingly disarmed neighbours; but inadequate alike in quantity and in quality to undertake major aggressive operations against other countries.

So far as weapons of war are concerned, this involves the abandonment of those engines which are solely of value for aggressive warfare—heavy artillery, tanks and aerial bombing planes—also the larger battleships of the *Dreadnought* and post-*Dreadnought* types.

In regard to military forces, it implies the abolition of systems of universal military training, and either the substitution in each country of a small voluntary force of long-service men, who take up the army as their vocation and are paid accordingly, or in the alternative a ballot system that would train only a small proportion of the youth of a country to the use of arms.

The reserves of war stores and the machinery for their production should similarly be cut down.

When we disarmed Germany, we took away or destroyed not only her munitions, but her jigs, gauges, tools and machines for munition manufacture, and compelled the conversion of over 6,900 factories from the purposes of war to those of peace.

A futile scheme

An attempt is to be made to compromise on this issue of disarmament in terms of a budgetary limitation of total expenditure on war services. This is a clever dodge to do nothing of any moment whilst appearing to do all that is required.

Something, doubtless, could be achieved on these lines, for every reduction in the present wasteful expenditure on armaments would be so much gained towards the return of world prosperity.

But while budgetary limitation would have a good deal of force in regard to naval armaments, it is quite unsuitable as a measure for disarmament when applied to land forces, as between countries with conscript troops and those with voluntary armies.

The peace establishment of the Army in the United Kingdom is 148,900. The yearly bill for pay of these forces is £13,203,000.

The metropolitan troops alone of the French Army on peace establishment number 269,575, or nearly twice our total (excluding their colonial and overseas forces, and their five millions of reserves); but their pay costs £6,662,000, or scarcely more than half the British bill.

In other words, the rate of pay in our Army is nearly four times as high as in the French Conscript Army, and, in addition, the barrack accommodation, clothing and other amenities of the British troops are far better.

The rate of pay in the U.S.A. Army is six times that of the French, and the cost of their provisions more than twice as great, for their gigantic reserves hardly appear in the French Budget at all.

Clearly, therefore, a crude budgetary limitation of military expenditure is quite unsuitable for achieving general disarmament.

If we are really bent on achieving definite disarmament, and not merely on making a gesture or adopting a plausible formula, the nations must agree to renounce their more powerful weapons of aggression and abandon their methods of giving military training to large bodies of their citizens; and scrap their reserve of munitions and their facilities for producing them rapidly and in large quantities.

Do I think that the present conference will accomplish this? Frankly I do not. In all the preliminary discussions which have gone on hitherto, there has been no sign of a willingness on the part of France and her Continental Allies to adopt any of the measures which would be really fruitful in this field.

Muzzles off!

Italy, the next Power to France in military strength, has avowed her readiness to accept any measure of limitation generally agreed on.

But France, armed to the teeth, talks always of security, and produces the most preposterous and misleading figures to demonstrate her comparative weakness.

If some statesman at the conference shows the courage and plain-spokenness to shake the nations out of their cocoon of humbug and equivocation, and forces them to face the facts, something may be achieved to lay the foundation for true progress in disarmament at a later stage.

Immediate results would not be attained and much unpleasantness would be generated. But facts which are now suppressed under a shining tarpaulin of politeness would be exposed to view, and public opinion everywhere would have a chance of operating on right lines.

There is one promising feature in this conference. Mr. Arthur Henderson, now unshackled and unmuzzled, is in the chair.

He is, therefore, for the first time, free to speak his own mind without having his manuscript blue-pencilled by officials trained in the over-cautious language of diplomacy.

The president of the conference is in an independent position; he is known to be a friend of peace. Nevertheless, France cannot and will not taunt him, for he lost a gallant son fighting for the freedom of French soil.

He can afford to indulge in the plain speech of which he has a command, and he has won the confidence of the League by his straightforwardness and balanced judgment.

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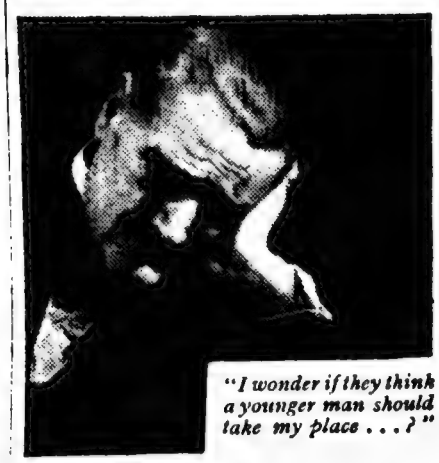

"I wonder if they think a younger man should take my place . . . ?"

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H. A. VACHELL'S *Most Lovable Characters Reappear—*

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL examines a rare specimen with the eye of an expert. He shares his famous character's love of a "thing of beauty" and knows quite a lot about art treasures and antiques

SUSAN QUINNEY, after forty years of married life, knew what to expect when she beheld old Joe's beaming face, as he entered his sanctuary in time for tea.

For some years this famous room had been closed to customers after four. At 4.30 Susan, presiding over a Queen Anne equipage, made the best tea in London, which Joe, like a true connoisseur, drank without sugar or milk out of an exquisite, egg-shell china cup.

"Mother," he exclaimed joyously, "I outbid the lot. It's mine. Gosh! After a tiff and a turn with you, old dear, I shall feel meself again with one squint at it."

"What did you pay, Joe? It's going to spoil my nice tea, but I want to know."

"Nine hundred guineas——"

"Nine hundred guineas for a snuff-box! Sinful! And millions on the dole!"

Quinney chuckled.

"Now, Susie, how often have I rubbed into your obstinate head that the luxury trades help to relieve unemployment? My buying this snuff-box has put into circulation nearly one thousand pounds. I've done my good deed to-day. Want to see it, dearie?"

"Whether I want to see it or not, you'll show it, an' gloat over it, so I'd better take my powder whilst you help yourself to jam."

"If you're ever handed a golden harp, Mrs. Don't-know-a-good-thing-when-you-see-it, you'll burst into tears, I do believe. Now sit tight!"

Joe produced from his pocket a small parcel in tissue paper, removed the paper, and set upon the tea-table under Susan's nose a round box of what appeared to be thick glass. Susan eyed it disdainfully:

"If you ask me, Joe Quinney——"

"Which I don't, dearie——"

"If you ask me what I think of you, I say you're potty."

"Look at it."

"I'm looking at it."

"No you ain't. Here. He snatched it up. "This is crystal. Underneath the crystal is a woman's hair, braided by fairy fingers. Lost art! And each braid is held in place by a fleur-de-lys in diamonds. I open the box. It's lined with gold, and that enamel miniature, painted by Jean Petitot, when he was at his best, mark you, is the lifelike portrait of a ducky lady, who broke all hearts at the Court of Louis Fourteen."

"You talk as if you'd known the lady. No better than she should be, I'll be bound."

"A duchess, Susie. Maybe I did know her. I've a notion that I've lived before, many lives. Why am I so struck on bronzes? Because once I did business, maybe, in Venice. Many a good bottle I've cracked with John of Bologna."

"You've been had, Joe."

"Had——? In these times, when values are cut in half? Not likely. Pour out the tea."

He sat down, placed the box on the table, and gloated.

Susan sniffed.

He went on gloating.

"Where are you going to put it?" asked Susan presently.

"Where I can see it. Here, in this room, on my desk. I need heartening up these days. This is the best ever. I know three American collectors who'd murder one another to get this. Meanwhile, till they come along, I'll have a love feast."

"Serve you right if it was stolen. Is it insured?"

"Not yet."

"You put it in the safe downstairs." Quinney eyed her whimsically.

"When I gave you your little string o' pearls, I offered to keep 'em in my safe, but you said that you knew a better place."

"So I do. I hide my pearls where no thief would ever look for them. Your safe isn't burglar-proof. Heard you say so. It's a wonder we haven't been burgled."

"You know the reason, Mrs. Smarty. I've told you again and again that burglars take what they can get rid of easy. You never listen to what I say."

"I try not to," said Susan. "As usual, you'll go your own road. I do know that no burglar would steal your precious incised lacquer screen, but this small box is different. Every thief in London will hear that you bought it this afternoon at Christie's, and your silly ways with your things is common talk."

Joe grinned and went on gloating.

The foils clash

Worse followed at dinner, which Susan persisted in calling supper. Joe, who suffered now and again from eczema, drank sherry and then burgundy, because—as he pointed out to Susan—burgundy had prolonged the life of Louis Fourteen.

The snuff-box, open, lay in front of him, and twice, in the presence of the trim parlour-maid, Joe wafted a kiss to the ducky duchess.

To teach him better manners Susan engaged the maid in conversation. Three years previously she had taken this girl, Doris, from a Home for Waifs and Strays.

Quinney affirmed that his wife spoiled the girl, but he had to admit that she was devoted to her mistress and a capable little person. Because Joe dared to waft kisses to a lovely lady who seemed to have been created for the special purpose of receiving them, Susan "passed" remarks to Doris:

"Doris——"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Don't you never worship idols!"

Doris, whose diction was more polished than Mrs. Quinney's, replied demurely, "Dear madam, I have never seen an idol."

"Plenty in this house," snapped Susan. "One on the table this instant minute."

Joe glanced up.

"Take a look at it, me girl. What d'ye make of it, hay?"

"I'm sure it looks very nice, sir."

"Nice?" snorted Joe. "This idol cost me nine hundred guineas."

"Idolatry," observed Doris, "would be much too expensive for me."

"Be warned in time," said Susan portentously.

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am."

After dinner, back in the sanctuary, there was more idolatry. Susan sat in her chair knitting furiously. Possession of this snuff-box (or was it the burgundy?) appeared to have aroused in Joe ridiculous, exasperating, inordinate pride in other possessions.

He held forth, repeating himself like a poll-parrot, upon the *fitness of things*——! Ignorant fools placed pottery beside porcelain. Now—— Are you listening, dearie?—any gem of superlative art deserved a shrine to itself. It might be a sound idea to have made a tiny glass temple.

In that temple, upon an ebony stand, the snuff-box would look what it was—*unique*. Put it in a vitrine with other snuff-boxes and IT would kill the other boxes stone dead. "If you know what I mean, Mrs. Hold-your-tongue?"

Susan spoke.

Susan's strategy

"You call yourself a self-educated man, Joe Quinney, and there's some as thinks you might have learned more from a better teacher. Doris wouldn't talk of killing inanimate objects stone dead. I do know what you mean by such a silly expression, and I wish I didn't. For mercy's sake lock up your toy. You've the rest of your life to look at it——"

"Ho?"

"You'll never sell it, not in these times."

Joe vouchsafed no answer. He placed the snuff-box upon his desk, sank into a chair, stared at it, and fell asleep.

Susan did not go to sleep, but presently she smiled as a happy thought flitted into her mind. Joe needed a lesson; he should have it

Intermittently he got above himself; and then followed wholesome reaction. She let him sleep on till it was past bedtime. Then she awoke him.

He blinked, beholding the old Susan; dare we say the young Susan of Melchester days, the Susan who had so nearly died when Posy was born.

"Joe, darling," she cooed, "you've had a lovely nap; I hated to wake you, but it's time for bye-byes, past eleven."

The artful woman stood between him and the new idol. Joe was so beguiled by her soft voice that he forget the snuff-box. She bent down to kiss him.

"Why, Susie——"

"I'm so tired, Joe; and—and my poor head——"

"Gosh! Don't tell me you've had one of your attacks——?"

"N-n-no, dear. Not exactly. But just now——"

"Susan Quinney, you may as well stop pretending. You weren't yourself at dinner. I noticed that. You weren't yourself after dinner——"

Susan, terrified that he might link together tartness and a snuff-box, clutched his arm.

"It's nothing, Joe. Don't be a fuss-pot! I'm a—a bit giddy."

"You are, are you? You march upstairs with me. Shall I carry you?"

"'Course not. I'm feeling quite all right. But I will hold on to your arm."

At the door Joe paused to switch off the lights, and never even glanced at the snuff-box. Tenderly he led his Susan upstairs.

Half an hour later they were in bed.

At about two in the morning, Susan

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(3)

"She walked to the corner by the wash-stand. . . . Something in her hand gleamed"

—and QUINNEY SCORES Again!

slipped out of bed, slipped into dressing-gown and slippers, and slipped noiselessly out of the room. Joe was fast asleep; and he was, as Susan knew, not easily awakened.

But this night, possibly after slumbering so soundly in his armchair, he awoke with a start before Susan came back. Almost at the same moment he heard her returning.

He had built up the fire before going to bed. The fireplace faced the big four-poster. Joe lay still with his alert eyes on the door.

Why did Susan open the door and close it almost furtively? Perhaps the dear soul feared to disturb him. It would be so like her, he reflected, if she were feeling ill, to keep it secret.

As soon as she got back into bed he would cuddle the truth out of her.

She didn't get back into bed.

Joe sits tight

Instead, she walked to the corner by the washstand and stood still for a second. Something in her hand gleamed.

Joe simulated a faint snore as her head turned towards the bed.

Satisfied that an idolator was sleeping peacefully, Susan removed soiled linen from a clothes-basket and replaced it. When she had done this she took off her dressing-gown and sneaked—yes, *sneaked*—into bed.

* * *

Next morning, immediately after breakfast, Joe discovered that his unique snuff-box was missing, but he said nothing to anybody till Susan appeared in the sanctuary.

"You sent for me, Joe. I'm very busy. I have a lot of shopping to do. What's happened? Mercy! Are you ill?"

"Sit you down. I'm not ill, but I've had a nasty shock. Now me and you must lay our heads together. My snuff-box has been stolen."

"I don't believe it."

"You've got to believe it. Once in a while you're right. I own up to that. Maybe there's something in female intuition. Last night you said that all London knew that I had the dam thing——"

"You call it a dam thing?"

"Tch, tch! It's gone—*vanished*. Now, Susie, I've been careless. I'm intelligent enough to own up when I make a blithering idiot o' meself. That, whether you know it or not, is the hall-mark of a first-class mind.

"I ought to have done what you, dearie, suggested—locked it up till I'd insured it. I'll own to another slip. I drank a drop too much of that wine at dinner. Lovely stuff! Then I dozed off. And when you woke me, Susie, I'd forgotten all about nine hundred guineas lying on my desk——!"

"Well, I never——"

"Now, Mrs. Right-for-once, this is no outside job—no case o' burglarin'. Got that for keeps? You have. Two of my most trusted men sleep in the basement. The servants sleep in the attics. Not a soul has left the house. I'm going to ring up Scotland Yard. I'm going to have this place searched by experts before customers arrive. You understand?"

Susan nodded nervously. Her main objective had been triumphantly attained. Joe admitted that he had behaved foolishly.

"Joe——"

"Yes, Susie?"

"Will this get into the papers?"

"Not if I can prevent it."

"If it did, London would——"

"Call me what I call meself a damned, stupid, careless, doddering old fool!"

"Oh, dear! And last night you were so full o' beans. Why can't me and you do the searching?"

"Because we're not experts at that business. That's why."

"Will you wait here for two or three minutes?"

"Whatever for?"

"Never you mind. I'll be back in a jiffy."

She almost ran from the room. Joe smiled. He was still smiling when Susan reeled into the room with a face the colour of gruel, and quivering like a calves-foot jelly in an earthquake.

"Joe," she wailed, "I wanted to teach you a lesson; yes, I did. I stole your box and hid it where I hide my pearls—in the clothes-basket, which nobody touches but myself. Joe, your box isn't there, and the pearls have gone, too, and I—I feel like sticking my head into a gas-oven."

She fell, crumpled up, into Joe's best chair. He stumped up and down the sanctuary, and then stood facing her.

"Doris took 'em."

"Never!"

"I say she did. Doris heard me say what the box cost me at dinner. It's a sitter that she knows where you hide your pearls. Doris was one o' your waifs. More'n likely she comes o' criminal stock. I say—Third Degree for Doris. Go and fetch her."

"Joe, she's a good girl. I trust her as you trust your foreman. If you send for Doris and accuse her of stealing, you'll fair break her heart and mine."

"Ho. Maybe you'd sooner lose your pearls?"

"Yes, I would—I swear I would."

"You're a marvel——"

"I'm a woman with a heart. This *will* get into the papers. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

She burst into sobs.

"Stop it!" enjoined Joe. "It's wet enough outside. Dry your eyes and stand up. Quick!"

"A fair do"

Meekly Susan obeyed. Quinney pulled open a drawer in his desk and held up the pearls.

"You stole my box, you wicked woman, and I saw you hide it. When you were asleep I retrieved my box and stole your pearls. Tit for tat, dearie."

"Where's the snuff-box, Joe?"

"Where it ought to be, in my safe. Come you here and give us a kiss, a good 'un."

Darby and Joan embraced.

"Do I look a sight?" asked Susan anxiously.

"Well, mother, you look better than you did two minutes ago, but I wouldn't go shopping yet awhile."

Susan smiled faintly and sat down, dabbing at her eyes. She was thinking of Doris, who sang in her pantry. She liked to look at Doris, just as Joe liked to look at his treasures. To her Doris was treasure-trove.

"You said that safe wasn't safe," she remarked.

"You said it wasn't burglar-proof, old dear."

"To please me, Joe, send that box to the bank till the clouds roll by and your American customers roll up."

Quinney's eyes twinkled.

"You know, Susie, our Posy told me 'tother day that you was cleverer than you used to be. And I told her that no woman could live with Joe Quinney for forty years without gettin' some o' his ripe wisdom.

"To please you I shall send that box to the bank. Did it occur to your active mind last night that if I hadn't dropped on to your little games I might have

(Continued on page 22)

"Fit for a King"—That's my last word as, lighting up my Manikin, I settle down to enjoy its fragrant mildness and a half hour's well-earned rest.

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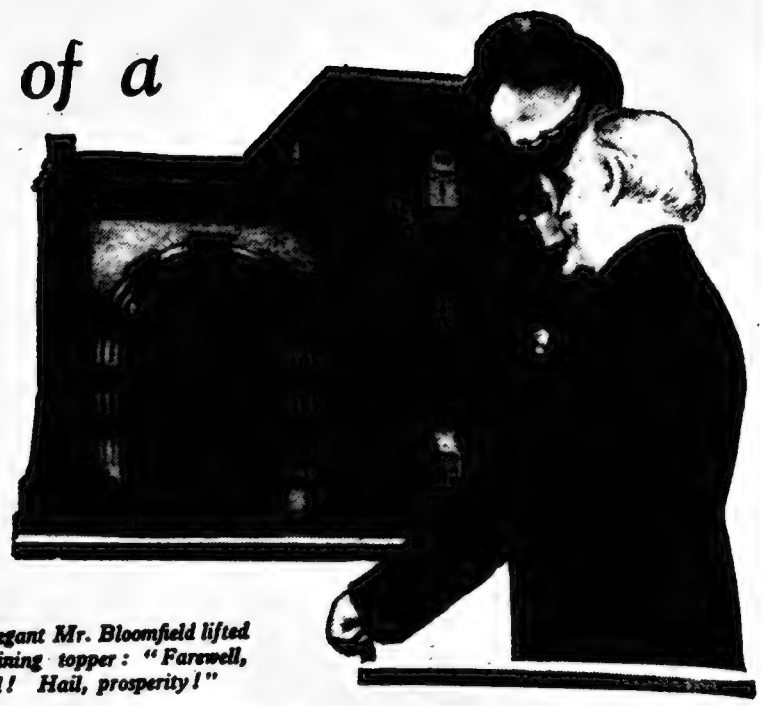

The elegant Mr. Bloomfield lifted his shining topper: "Farewell, jail! Hail, prosperity!"

A FEW months ago, Harold Bloomfield did not even possess a name; he was known by a prison number and was an inmate of Exeter Jail.

To-day he is prosperous enough to play the rôles of millionaire, retired rancher, successful solicitor and world traveller.

And he has achieved all this by fraud, contriving all the time to evade the authorities, who have received more than a hundred serious complaints against him since he left the prison gates!

Bloomfield is a well-educated man of sixty or more, who usually dresses very correctly in morning coat and silk hat.

He was in Suffolk recently and called upon a farmer as a solicitor bent upon tracing the relatives of a late New Zealand client, whose interests he had watched for years.

A substantial amount was due to the surviving relatives if they could be found.

It was believed that the Suffolk farmer was one of the relatives, so Mr. Bloomfield began to interrogate him in truly legal fashion in order to satisfy himself on this point.

While talking, he produced bundles of legal documents from his despatch-case. He also called upon the farmer to furnish whatever family papers he could find.

He was left alone to peruse all these papers, and when he finally took leave of the farmer he announced that he was satisfied about his identity and would write in a day or two.

When he had gone, the farmer discovered that his dignified visitor had ransacked the room in the interval of being left to peruse the papers and had helped himself to various valuables and a £20 note!

At Rochford, in the name of Gilbert Harvey, this same trickster posed as a solicitor, lately returned from Jamaica. He talked of settling down in the old country, but explained that he had certain business to transact first.

ONE of his last duties before leaving Jamaica had been to wind up the estate of an old friend, whose English relatives he was now seeking.

His plan of campaign thereafter was moulded on the coup we have already described, except that he also negotiated a loan on the pretext of being "a little short" until his bank account was transferred from Jamaica.

But he was not content to leave it at that. Once having got to know something of his dupe, he made free use of his name at a local hotel, and was thus able to raise cash loans from a number of Rochford townsmen.

But this represents only one phase of this rogue's operations. He has countless irons in the fire and a thousand tricks at his finger-tips.

When he called upon a Lancaster woman recently, having previously ascertained that the latter's father was in Canada, he played upon sentimental strings.

He had come from Canada himself, he declared, and had been entrusted by her father with the delivery of a valuable parcel of jewellery.

This parcel now reposed in the safe at his London office; but having satisfied himself that he had found the right person, he would wire for it to be sent on immediately.

BEFORE he said good-bye he had borrowed money, pocketed valuables and incurred credit in the locality by misusing the woman's good name.

He has brought off many lightning coups of this sort, sometimes even inducing his victims to believe that a valuable parcel has been left at the railway station for them because it was too bulky to carry!

He has visited so many towns in his travels lately that it is impossible to give a full list here, but his dupes are to be found in places as far apart as Nottingham and Exmouth, Worcester and Gateshead.

His aliases are almost as numerous as the scenes of his coups, but the most common are Eric Wilton, Arthur Clarke, James Green, Alfred Churchill, Frank Rose, and George Rawlins.

His successes are startling in view of the fact that he has so lately emerged from jail; but the police are hampered by the reluctance of many victims to come forward and tell frankly how they have been deceived.

We would urge any who are holding back from the fear of being made to appear foolish to put such feelings aside.

Bloomfield is a clever trickster, and even astute business men have been taken in by him.

AND NOW—

Peter Jackson!

PETER JACKSON, Gilbert Frankau's famous character, who brought his creator tremendous success in 1919, returns in an amusing short story in our next issue.

Recently, a distinguished critic declared that "Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant," "still shares the honour of being the best novel about the war"; yet few people know that this work was nearly lost to the world.

The original manuscript was accidentally burned, and it is a tribute to the author's patience and determination that he rewrote it in its entirety within five months!

Here he tells you something about the character whose story is now selling in its 176th thousand.

HIS SALAD DAYS

by GILBERT FRANKAU

"I can't help being a little angry . . ."

I SUPPOSE I ought to be terribly grateful to my friend, Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant, for having established me in public favour as a novelist. And yet I can't help being a little angry with him.

You see, every time I write about any other friend—and I sometimes think that the best friends I have are the characters I write about—somebody is sure to tell me, "Of course I like 'Christopher Strong,' or 'Martin Make-Believe,' or 'Gerald Cranston's Lady,' very much. But I don't like them as much as 'Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant.'"

Rather a shame, really, when one has worked night and day for the best part of a year on a new novel.

Still, one can't help one's readers liking their old favourite best. That's human nature. Just as it's human nature for most girls to think kindly of their first love.

So, yielding to the persuasions of the Editor of JOHN BULL, I've written another story about P. J. It's called "Peter Jackson's Wild Oats," and I hope that the readers of JOHN BULL will like it.

GILBERT FRANKAU.

"Quinney Scores Again!"—*continued from p. 21*

thrown a fit when I missed it off my desk this morning?"

"Not you. Come to that, did you think that I might fall dead when I emptied the clothes-basket?"

"I knew you put persons before things."

Susan stopped dabbing at her eyes and began to laugh.

"It *was* a lesson, Joe, wasn't it?"

"It might have been," he replied cryptically.

Susan had to be content with this as her thoughts swooped back to Doris.

"If—if the box had been stolen, would you have accused Doris, knowing, as you do, what I think of her?"

"No."

"You stand there and say 'No' because you've got the better of me."

"Wrong, Mrs. Ask-another. Doris has too much sense to steal a box she couldn't sell to a fence in London, even if she knows one."

"How dare you even hint she knows one. Be honest, Joe. You were against my taking that girl into my service; you said nasty things and I haven't forgotten them. I thought then that some day I'd just make you pay for what you said. This is Christmas-time."

"Fortunately so for me."

"Eh?"

"If there hadn't been a nice fire in our room last night, bright enough for me to see what you was up to, I should have felt chilly this morning."

"Chilly and *cheap*? You admit that?"

"I do."

"Then you ought to make a thank-offering. If I give you five pounds out of my own money, will you give me a cheque for fifty pounds for my Waifs and Strays?"

"Ho! Call that fair do's, what?"

"'Tisn't quite fair on me, but I want to be generous."

"You're the most generous woman in London," growled Quinney, "with my hard-earned money."

Susan got her cheque.

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS—*Probed by* PHILIP INMAN

SHOULD HE STEAL *to Save a* LIFE?

THE other day a man was charged at a London police-court with stealing bread from a baker's van. He pleaded that he was unemployed, his wife was ill, and his children hungry.

A friend who was reading an account of the proceedings in the newspaper said to me: "If I had been in his position I would have done the same thing, and to hell with the consequences!"

Would he? Would *you?* I ask because I have two letters to answer. They come from readers of this paper.

The first comes from a man in Derbyshire. He tells me he is married, with a wife and three children, and that he has been out of work for over two years. His total income is 29s. 3d. unemployment pay, out of which he has to pay rent and rates.

His Temptation

His eldest child, a boy of nine, has been an invalid almost since birth, and has had to undergo seven operations on his legs.

Now the doctor tells him that the lad's life can only be saved if he is well looked after and given nourishing foods, such as new-laid eggs, black grapes, and cod-liver oil and malt.

And my correspondent goes on:

"Though our boy is a cripple, that seems to make us love him more. But how can we afford to buy him the things the doctor has ordered?

"The other day I was looking in a shop window where all sorts of delicacies were displayed, and an awful feeling came over me. I felt sorely tempted to break the glass and take some of the things which we so badly need.

"I have always tried to live a decent life, but I can't go on much longer. I am afraid I shall do something desperate. What am I to do?"

There is the problem, naked in its poignancy. Anybody with a grain of sympathy must feel intensely for this man in his trouble, but that does not help him to solve it.

And in these days there are thousands more in the same boat. The heavy waves of hardship and hunger capsize their fragile crafts. On life's shore to-day there is many a human wreckage.

It is Fatal!

A man in distress does not stop to consider what is right and what is wrong. His first care is the safety of himself and his loved ones. And what does it matter if in so doing he offends our so-called moral codes?

That is the kind of argument that is gaining ground to-day. It is worth while discussing from a purely practical standpoint.

Now, supposing my correspondent from Derbyshire succumbs to the temptation and takes things that do not belong to him. Will he be regarded as a thief? Certainly he will—at least technically. And for this reason:

In every organised community laws to regulate general conduct must be obeyed. If a person can violate those laws, no matter what the pretext, then pandemonium will reign. You see that in war. When the decencies of life are ignored, hell is let loose.

Besides, if my correspondent commits one theft, it will not solve his problem permanently. Suppose the magistrate lets him off as a first offender? It would leave him very much where he was. And if he continued to steal, he would undoubtedly be sent to prison, and what would be the good of that.

The stigma would fall upon his wife and children, and they would lose his companionship at a time when they most need it.

There is a still greater consideration. Nowadays, it is difficult for a man of character to obtain employment, but if this country is to survive, conditions of trade will not always be as bad as they are to-day.

And when better times arrive, a man who has been in jail will not find it easy to obtain work. It won't cut much ice to say he stole because his children were in need. The stain of disgrace is not easily removed.

"But," answers my correspondent, "what you say does not provide my lad with black grapes, new-laid eggs, and cod-liver oil and malt." I know. And so here is a little practical advice:

There is in his town, as in many towns, a society called the Guild of Help. There is also a Public Assistance Committee, about which the local medical officer of health can give information. There is, too, a benevolent fund attached to most hospitals which exists to help such cases.

Take the trouble about your sick lad to one of them. They will assist you to get the nourishment he requires.

My second correspondent has a problem which, though different, has many similarities. Here is his letter:

"In 1919 I was discharged from the Navy suffering from tuberculosis, but I was cured after a stay of a year in a sanatorium. Six months afterwards I obtained work in a town near my home, and my employer was a young man about my own age, who was the soul of kindness to me.

"Then I married one of the finest and most patient women living, and we have one child, now four years old.

"I worked hard and became chargehand in my department. Then my employer was taken ill and shortly afterwards died. His widow took over the business, and soon made a fuss of me, showing me all sorts of privileges.

"Finally, she offered to make me manager on one condition. It was that I would go away with her for the week-end, but I flatly refused. However, she continued to pester me, and ultimately my wife, to whom I had told everything, advised me to give up my job.

"I did so, but, alas! I have not been able to find other employment. And now I have been put upon transitional unemployment benefit of £1 1s. 3d. a week, and we have to pay 10s. rent.

"Yesterday I ran into my old employer's widow again, and she renewed her previous offer to me. I love my wife and child, but it is cruel to see them practically starving when there seems to be an easy way out."

"I was sorely tempted. . . . I am afraid I shall do something desperate"

Is it an easy way? Well, let us look at the consequences. His employer's widow is not a woman — she's a fiend. If he once places himself in her clutches, then God help him!

There is also his wife to consider, who, he says, is one of the finest and most patient women living. Surely she would rather endure hardship than allow him to sacrifice his honour for her. And what would his child in later years think of a father who sold himself for material gain?

Fight—and Win!

My correspondent is passing through a bad time. But he is not lacking in courage. That he left his job in preference to the "easy way out" proves that.

Fortune favours the brave, so it is said. Why? Because a man who possesses that virtue can overcome almost any obstacle.

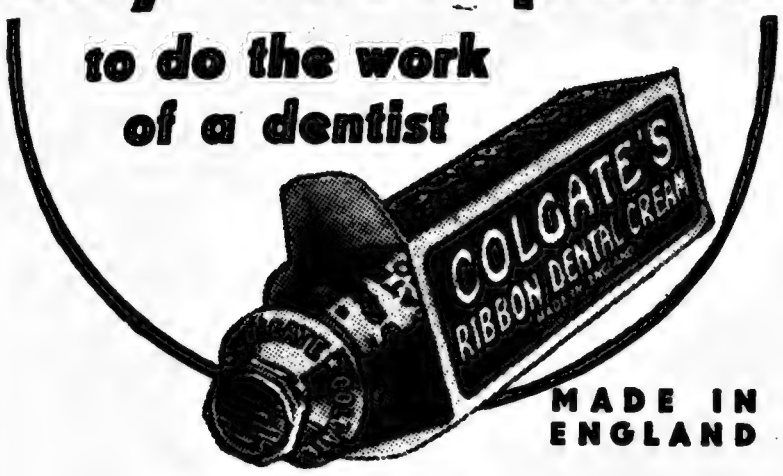
So my advice in this case is to keep your self-respect, be loyal to your wife and home, and let the other woman go to the devil—she is not far away now.

IT is "Humanist's" aim to solve every problem that is put before him by our readers. He fully realises that his task involves him in a grave responsibility, and, in consequence, his advice is given in no indifferent spirit, but in a sincere desire to counsel and help.

Write to him and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. One guinea will be paid to every reader whose letter he quotes.

Don't ask any toothpaste

to do the work of a dentist



As other toothpastes lack the special cleansing energy contained in Colgate's, some have claimed curative powers which the highest dental authorities deny.
It requires the penetrating ability of Colgate's, released when it comes in contact with the saliva, to enter the tiniest crevice, and thus remove all food particles, making your teeth completely clean.
Large Size - - - 1/-
Medium Size - - 6d.

We will gladly send you a week's supply of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Simply address Colgate's, Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1.
Send post card (1d. postage)

BLENDING THE OLD WITH THE BEST OF THE NEW

BONDMAN Empire Blend

IN AIRTIGHT TINS

10d. PER OZ.

Scotsmen love their pipes of Bondman

BONDMAN ORIGINAL BLEND
RICH DARK VIRGINIA 11½d. PER OZ.

RICHARD LLOYD & SONS, CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1 (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.)

The Big Economy Packet

2,848,752 more packets sold in 1931 than in any previous year!

ARE you among the many who have discovered what appetising, economical and substantial meals this wholewheat food provides?

Shredded Wheat contains all the food elements the body needs in their correct proportions, and includes the regulative bran so essential to health. The unique Shredded Wheat process ensures that every part of the grain is used, and gives you Nature's perfect food in most appetising and digestible form.

Millions of fit and happy people start the day on a good breakfast of Shredded Wheat with milk, knowing that they can rely on it to sustain them through the hardest work. Wise housewives everywhere know they can provide no more healthful meal, and because it is ready to serve and needs no cooking, they appreciate the saving of time and work.

Give Shredded Wheat a good trial and notice how you get to like its homely, wholesome flavour more, the more often you have it and how it benefits you in health and saves money. Then you will realise why Shredded Wheat gains every year so many new and enthusiastic friends, who enjoy it every day.

Shredded Wheat is made in England from Australian Wheat only, by The Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

SHREDDED WHEAT

With HOT MILK

BRITONS MAKE IT - IT MAKES BRITONS

"The sample has CURED my COUGH"

R. H. (Earlsfield).

Nature has one proved and certain preventive and curative agent for Influenza, colds and coughs. *But previously it could only be inhaled.* Now, in Famel Syrup, in the form of soluble Lacto Creosote it attacks the root of the trouble through the blood stream! And it is combined with other powerful tonics which supplement and increase the action of each other upon the vital organs. That is why Famel Syrup is almost miraculous in its relief of chest and lung complaints. Prove it by trying a free sample. Or buy a bottle (3/-) at your Chemist's. *Here are experiences typical of millions:*

"The sample of Famel Syrup you sent me has cured the terrible cough I had and I would recommend it to anybody."
R. H. (Earlsfield).

"Thank you for Famel Syrup. I feel relief and benefit from it although I have only taken three doses." I. I. F.

"I think Famel Syrup is splendid and it soon eased my cough which was very troublesome. I am recommending it to my friends." M. M. (Birmingham).

"Cold practically gone"

"My father developed a severe cold on the chest with every sign of bronchitis ensuing, but I have used your Famel Syrup, dosing him every night and he has slept quite soundly and breathing has been easy and painless, also the cold has practically gone." D. C. (Dorset).

"Famel Syrup is really marvellous stuff. I had a really bad cold for two weeks and I had not been able to sleep. After two doses I felt a different being."
E. M. T. (Southport).

"Wonderful for Bronchitis"

"Famel Syrup has given wonderful relief in a case of Chronic Bronchitis and the patient has been able to sleep at night since taking Famel." A. T. (Barnstaple).

"As a friend of mine had a very bad attack of bronchitis I gave her my sample. I saw her two days later and she told me the second night she had taken it was the first night's rest she had had for weeks."
A. F. (Deptford).

For FREE Sample worth 1/3 *Post coupon below (with 4d. in stamps for postage) for very generous FREE sample. Only one bottle to each family.*

FAMEL SYRUP

Post this Coupon TO-DAY!

To Wilcox, Jozeau & Co., Ltd., (Dept. E.12), 15, Great St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2.
I enclose 4d. in stamps. Please send me large sample bottle of FAMEL SYRUP.

NAME.....
BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE.

ADDRESS.....

Uncle's *Black List*

The psychologist at the sign of the three brass balls—he knows a thief at sight

A STRIKING new sign has made its appearance on the windows of pawnbrokers' shops.

The famous three brass balls can be seen encircling a map of the British Isles, signifying that the pawnbroker who displays the device is an accredited member of the National Pawnbrokers' Association and has a record of fair and honest dealing.

His association will vouch for his integrity just as other professional bodies guarantee the integrity of their members.

Security—one button

But already the old belief that pawnbrokers are soulless skinflints is dead—killed by their innumerable acts of kindness to people, rich as well as poor, who find themselves in financial trouble and seek the help of the shrewd man behind the three balls.

Here is a typical example. Not long ago a sailor asked a pawnbroker in the East End of London for the loan of enough money to pay his fare to Liverpool, where he had secured a berth. He promised to repay the money out of his wages. The pawnbroker advanced it to him—on a *button*.

The sailor kept his promise, as the pawnbroker expected. Though the man was a stranger, he felt sorry for him, and guessed he was honest.

Guessed that he was honest! That is the real secret of pawnbroking—to size up a man at a glance. No pawnbroker ever succeeded who was not a good psychologist.

Centuries ago, bankers and pawnbrokers were the same thing. But a banker now gambles on a man's chances of commercial success, while a pawnbroker gambles on his honesty.

The bogy, of course, is the risk that the goods offered as pledges may be stolen property. That is the first thing a pawnbroker has to consider. In the few moments that the pledger is standing in front of the counter, the pawnbroker has to make up his mind.

If the property is stolen and is traced to his shop, he loses both the goods and the money he has advanced.

The other day, the woman owner of a stolen gold watch claimed £30 compensation from a pawnbroker who had taken it in good faith, and it was subsequently auctioned for £5. The watch had been pledged by the owner's housekeeper, who had stolen it from her.

Thieving has increased a good deal lately, and pawnbrokers are finding it more and more difficult to detect stolen property offered in pledge.

The popshop judge

How do they safeguard themselves? With years of practice behind him, a pawnbroker becomes a skilful cross-examiner; and, like a judge, he develops an uncanny instinct for knowing whether people are speaking the truth.

When the goods offered are such things as silver plate engraved with a crest, he naturally requires a full and detailed account of how it came into the pledger's possession. He can calculate the possibility of the story to a hair's-breadth.

A special bugbear of the pawnbroker is the woman who steals or borrows valuable things belonging to her husband and pawns them unknown to him.

The bridge craze among women is responsible for a great deal of the mysterious disappearance of property and its passing into the care of "Uncle." As a rule, it is redeemed and returned without anyone but the wife being any the wiser.

But there have been cases in which the husband has discovered the truth and demanded the goods back on the plea that they were stolen from him.

Naturally, the pawnbroker has to protect himself against such traps. If he is a London pawnbroker he will appeal in cases of difficulty to the Metropolitan Pawnbrokers' Protection Society.

This remarkable association is the pawnbrokers' Scotland Yard.

Although it does not collect finger-prints, it has a comprehensive black list and one of the most efficient intelligence services in the kingdom.

Pawnbroking has increased greatly in recent times among the wealthier classes. Many a family heirloom is finding its way to the "pop-shop," though usually it is redeemed by the end of the year.

Another form of pawning which has grown to considerable dimensions is the trade in partly paid-for goods.

The method is: a "tally-man" calls on Mrs. Jones with some blankets, which he offers for twenty-five shillings on terms of a shilling or two a week.

Illegal pawning

Mrs. Jones pays a deposit of a shilling, maybe, and then takes the blankets to a pawn-shop. The pawnbroker knows their value to be ten shillings, perhaps, and allows five shillings on them, thus providing Mrs. Jones with a little ready money.

If they were traced the pawnbroker would not have to give them up as in cases of theft, because the title to the goods had passed to the pledger and consequently the pawn was not illegal.

A hire-purchase matter is different. A case tried in the Marylebone Police Court a short time ago concerned a sum of £2 5s. which had been advanced by a pawnbroker on a gramophone.

The machine was claimed by the makers, who had been paid only one instalment of fourteen shillings. In cases like this the pawnbroker readily gives up the goods and proceeds against the pledger for illegal pawning.

Compared with moneylenders, pawnbrokers are the soul of generosity. Until 1922 they were allowed to charge only a halfpenny a month on every two shillings for loans under forty shillings, plus one halfpenny for the pawnticket.

Now they can charge a halfpenny extra for each five shillings or part of five shillings lent.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

Play YOUR Part!

BECAUSE poverty and sickness have steeped little J. C.'s family in misery at the present time, we place the bare facts of their case before our readers, who will not be slow to answer the Prince of Wales' appeal "To play the part of neighbour and friend to the man out of work."

Little J. C. has had a bad time

J. C. is six years old. He has a small sister, aged one year and seven months. Their dad suffers from slight epileptic fits, which caused him to lose his job on the railway after seventeen years' service. For the same reason, he lost another job on the borough council.

It was six months after his discharge from the Army that he developed this trouble, and, as he was in work, he did not apply for a pension.

Whilst tramping for work a short time back, he had a seizure and dropped heavily in the road.

He was twice recommended for bravery on the battlefield. "But he sits and broods at times because he cannot get enough for his children, who are his first thought," said his wife.

She, too, is in an acute state of nervous debility, and has developed a goitre.

Their little son, J. C., has recently passed through a bad attack of bronchial pneumonia, and has not been the same boy since. Baby, too, is often "queer."

Out of their weekly income of 27s., 18s. 6d. goes for rent.

• • •

Subscriptions for this family, or for the fund generally, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

When your dog becomes LISTLESS

through lack of exercise

—time for a Bob Martin.

FOR a dog to be *listless* in cold weather is a serious matter. It is a sign that the blood has become so impure that the liver and stomach are both affected. In this low condition the dog is liable to take disease from the first badly kept dog that he meets.

The cause of your dog's low condition now is the loss of his regular exercise during spells of bad weather, when you have had to stay indoors. Often an excess of rich food has been an additional cause.

The first sign of poor blood is the absence of "bloom" from a dog's coat, and unless he is promptly conditioned, one of the many blood ailments, such as Listlessness, will follow.

Bob Martin's tasteless Condition Powders will restore your dog's condition and happy spirits. These powders remove every impurity from the blood and tone up the whole system, curing *and preventing* all blood ailments such as *Loss of Appetite, Listlessness, Loose Coat, Excessive Scratching, Eczema and Swellings between the Toes.*

Give your dog Bob Martin's Condition Powders *now.* In a few days you will be amazed at the *difference* which *condition* makes to him, and in a week or so his coat will begin to take on that lovely "bloom" which is the surest sign of perfect health.

There are 9 (nine) powders in the sixpenny packets, and 18 in the shilling boxes—from all dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

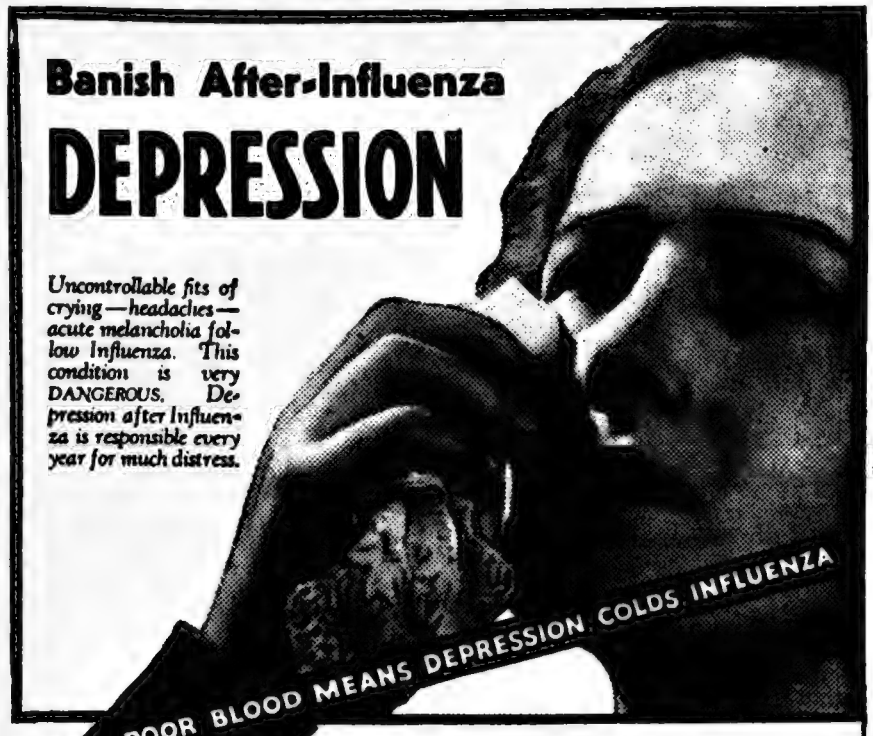
BOB MARTIN'S *TASTELESS* **CONDITION POWDERS**

Since 1892 the World's Dog Remedy.

Banish After-Influenza

DEPRESSION

Uncontrollable fits of crying—headaches—acute melancholia follow Influenza. This condition is very DANGEROUS. Depression after Influenza is responsible every year for much distress.



INFLUENZA CAUSES ANÆMIA

Recent research shows that Influenza leaves its victim subject to Anæmia. Hall's Wine taken during convalescence after Influenza will prevent recurring coughs and colds and afford relief from the trying

Symptoms of Anæmia

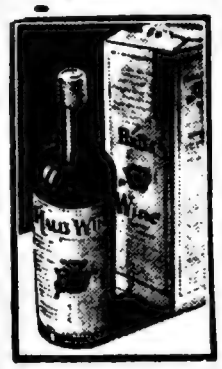
Weakness and languor, Breathlessness, Palpitation and Faintness, Headaches, Sleeplessness and Depression, Neuralgia.

Influenza's after-effects are more serious than the disease itself. When the temperature is back to normal then is the time for special precautions. Influenza has a most debilitating effect upon the blood; it leaves behind it weakness and lowness of spirits that cry out for a bracing, bloodmaking tonic. Take Hall's Wine NOW. Hall's Wine contains the natural iron and vitamin of the grape, together with valuable medicaments. These act upon the system with immediate effect.

Nothing is said more frequently about Hall's Wine than—"I felt better from the first wineglassful." From the very first dose the blood is enriched and body-energy increased. This is apparent in the return of colour to the cheeks and improved "morale" of the patient.

Good rich blood brings cheerfulness. And cheerfulness is essential to complete and safe recovery. Invigorate your blood with Hall's Wine. Be strong and well to enjoy the Springtime.

★ *Send a postcard to-day for particulars of a very SPECIAL OFFER, to purchasers of Hall's Wine.*



HALL'S WINE
ENRICHES THE BLOOD

Large bottle 5/6. Smaller size 3/3

Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

★*Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products.*

STEPHEN SMITH & COMPANY LIMITED, BOW, LONDON, E.3.

LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT INDIGESTION.

Sufferers from indigestion do not realise that their trouble is usually due to excess stomach acid which ferments food, causes distension and gives rise to pain and uncomfortable feelings of fullness. The only sure way of overcoming digestive trouble is to neutralise the acidity which causes it. This can be achieved in a remarkably quick and efficient manner by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after meals or when pain is felt. Not only does 'Bisurated' Magnesia instantly relieve all discomfort, but it also soothes, heals and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Doctors recommend this reliable stomach remedy and hospitals use it. Ask your chemist for a 1s. 3d. bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia—there is no better, quicker or surer remedy for indigestion.

Ryders SEEDS

One of our old customers on looking at a bed of flowers raised from one of our 2d. packets exclaimed—

"Heaven for Twopence"

RYDERS Interesting Catalogue will be sent with pleasure post free to all who apply.

(On postcards please affix 1d. stamp.)

Almost everything from Orchids to Mustard and Cress in 2d. packets.

RYDER & SON (1920) LTD.

St. Albans

Result of "John Bull's" Radio Contest No. 4.

No coupon received in this contest contained the key numbers of all eight records in the order decided by the Expert Committee, i.e.:—

6 8 1 10 3 9 7 4

The competitors whose selection proceeded furthest down this list in agreement with the Experts' order, placed the first four Recor is correctly. They were:—

L. Bolsion, 238, Sinfin Lane, Derby; Miss M. Casser, 69, Stuarts Road, Stechford, Birmingham; G. C. Clay, Belmont Road, Malvern; E. H. Collins, "Little Mare Wood," Bath Road, Taplow, Bucks; M. Holt, 17, Holrooke Terrace, Penrith, Cumbld.; D. C. Pitchford, "Rhim-Tal," King Harold Road, Slough End, Colchester; Mrs. Roberts, 1, St. George's Plain, St. Yarmouth; Miss S. Scott, 62, Coleridge Road, Blackpool; D. Thomas, West Grimstead, Salisbury; L. Tweland, 58, Avondale Road, Kettering, and D. E. Williams, 4, Kingston Road, Southampton.

These eleven competitors share the £500 offered, each receiving £45 9s. 2d.

Below are given the key numbers of the eight Gramophone records in order of entertainment value as decided by the Committee of Experts, from the ten played in "John Bull" Radio Contest No. 5 broadcast on January 31st:—

5 3 8 10 6 4 9 1

The name of the prize-winner of this contest will be announced in next week's issue of "John Bull." Another great "John Bull" contest will be broadcast from Radio Paris next Sunday evening at 10.30. Be sure to listen in—it may be worth a huge cash prize to you. Full particulars on Page 29.

FREE Smart's Wonderful Catalogue Fill in the Coupon on page 23

BENEFIT AFTER OPERATION—

Mrs. Berry, 58, Mayfield Grove, Meadows, Nottingham, writes: "For years I suffered from Gastric Ulcers. Six years ago I went into hospital for operation, and had two blood transfusions. The day I came home I was racked with pain. I was recommended to try Vitadatio, and you can imagine how grateful I feel, as I am not like the same woman, and can eat things I have not touched for seven years."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores. 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Gt. Britain only. Special 21/- Bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from *VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.*

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

WHY Hasn't He Come HOME Yet?

"Expect me home at night," he told his wife. But—

FATE, lurking in the bustle of the rush hour among London's homeward-bound millions who promised "to be home early" picks out its victims.

More than fifty of the men and women who left their homes that morning with a kiss for wives and mothers are injured in traffic accidents during the day, mostly during the big trek home.

They promised, and meant it—but Fate intervened.

And so it is that the accident wards of the London hospitals reflect the tumult and scurry of a modern city better than if one studies the crowds at the Bank or London Bridge. Standing by the bedsides of the victims one can study London's traffic problem, and in particular its "rush hour," from an entirely new angle—as we will do now.

* * *

They gave him an evening paper when he asked for it, and he studied the broadcasting programme intently.

Then he called the nurse over to his bed. "Look," he said, "this name is mine. I was actually on the way to the B.B.C. to sing when my old trouble returned."

"What a pity we haven't got wireless in this ward," she said in tones of keen disappointment. "You could have tuned in."

"I know," he replied. "I've often wanted to hear myself sing over the wireless!"

* * *

He represented a firm making X-ray apparatus, and just before he left for home in his little car one night they told him that his first job next morning would be to demonstrate at a hospital, and try to effect a sale.

Heaven knows what happened in Regent Street ten minutes later, but he found himself in an accident ward, with a cool-handed nurse asking him if he were comfortable.

"Oh, I'm all right," he replied with a smile. "As a matter of fact, I was coming here in any case—on business."

* * *

He was found in the Strand with a head injury—and it was a remarkable story he told them in Charing Cross Hospital in explanation.

When in Folkestone last summer on holiday, he had found the headquarters of a drug-running gang—a tumble-down farmhouse with its cellars packed with opium. He had gone down again two days ago, at dead o' night, tried to crawl through a back window, saw a vivid flash of light, and remembered no more until he recovered consciousness in the Strand.

"Actually," said the surgeon, quietly, "he left his office in the City about six, met a friend, drank till seven, fell, and struck his head on the kerb."

The truth was established when his wife arrived. "I bet you met that old army friend of yours," she said. "I knew it. You always forget yourself when you meet him."

* * *

"I must apologise for the hole in his sock," said the anxious mother. "I told him before he left home that he ought to change them, and when I said he didn't know what might happen to him, he just laughed. He's so obstinate. . . ."

"Oh, that's all right," said the nurse. "We give exactly the same treatment to patients who have holes in their socks."

* * *

"I was thinking about a joke somebody told me about an absent-minded professor when I started to cross the road absent-mindedly," explained the taxicab victim.

* * *

"How did it happen?" asked the wife, on being assured that it was nothing serious and that her husband would be out in a day or so.

"As far as we can make out, he stepped into the roadway at Trafalgar Square without remembering it was one-way traffic."

"Curious," she replied. "When the system was first introduced he read a letter in a motoring paper signed 'Pedestrian' describing it as dangerous, and he wrote a most indignant letter in reply stating that it was safer for everybody concerned, and signing himself 'Motorist.'"

* * *

"If only I could get somebody to go to Charing Cross Station," groaned the young man who had fallen down the office stairs. "I told her I would come straight from work and meet her under the station clock.

"Last time when I was late she told me it was my last chance."

* * *

They all told wives and mothers they would be home as soon as they could, not knowing that Fate might take a hand. Won't you help them to get home—from the accident wards—safe and sound? After all, you might want that help one day.

You can do it for sixpence, as you will see on page 36. And it might win you £20,000.

EVERY CLASS of BET CATERED FOR

COMPLETE THE BIG TWO SERVICE WITH A GUARANTEE OF WINNINGS BY RETURN

RACING

SINGLE EVENTS—NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE.

Favourites, Jockeys' Mounts, "Any-to-come," Owners' and Trainers' Selected, and Systems—all accepted.

TOTALISATOR ODDS to Win, Win and Place, or Place only.

THE OFFICIAL TOTE DAILY DOUBLE

FOOTBALL

Fourteen "CHALLENGER" Lists to choose from. Nothing Barred—Nothing Starred in the Six Divisions of the English and Scottish Leagues.

FIXED PRICE LISTS AND LONG ODDS TOTALISATOR.

Send at once for full particulars of our service.

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

TABLOID SPORT *by "Silver Ring" and Our Football Expert*

GHOST TRAIN'S CHANCE

IN Ghost Train, Thrale has a class horse gone wrong, but he has high hopes of getting the son of Golden Orb fit for the "Lincoln." With 6 st. 12 lb., Ghost Train, in the pink of condition, is capable of running away with this race, and, for the time being, therefore, he remains, with Diolite and Jericho, as one of my selections.

"National" horses will be the centre of attraction at Hurst Park. Glangesia is nicely weighted and may take the Ranelagh 'Chase. I suggest Laminaria for the New Century 'Chase, and Dromkeen for the Weybridge Hurdle.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 11, to Wednesday, February 17.

P V B X E S Z O M Y A T N G K Q
C R D H I F J U L W 98 97 96 95 94 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95V9894MI would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

98M2URIV would read ALL OVER.

SOCCER SELECTIONS FOR FEBRUARY 13

ENGLISH CUP—Round V.

*(1) MANCHESTER CITY v. Derby.
(2) PORTSMOUTH v. Arsenal.
(3) BURY v. Stoke City.
**(4) NEWCASTLE v. Leicester.
*(5) WEDNESDAY v. Chelsea.
(6) Watford v. BRADFORD.
**(7) HUDDERSFIELD v. Preston.
(8) LIVERPOOL v. Grimsby.

THE LEAGUE—FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Blackpool v. EVERTON.
*(2) BLACKBURN v. Sunderland.

SECOND DIVISION.

*(1) PLYMOUTH v. Barnsley.
(2) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Southampton.
(3) BRISTOL CITY v. Swansea.
(4) MANCHESTER UNITED v. Burnley.
(5) NOTTS COUNTY v. Forest.
(6) Oldham v. LEEDS.
(7) PORT VALE v. Millwall.
(8) HOTSPUR v. Chesterfield.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).

(1) FULHAM v. Reading.
(2) Swindon v. Torquay.
(3) BRENTFORD v. Cardiff.
(4) Brighton v. Q.P. Rangers.
(5) COVENTRY v. Gillingham.
*(6) EXETER v. Luton.
(7) Mansfield v. Boscombe.
**(8) NORWICH v. Bristol Rovers.
(9) SOUTHEND v. Orient.
(10) THAMES v. Northampton.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).

(1) LINCOLN v. Barrow.
(2) SOUTHPORT v. Crewe.
**(3) CHESTER v. New Brighton.
(4) DARLINGTON v. Halifax.
**(5) DONCASTER v. Rochdale.
(6) Hartlepools v. GATESHEAD.
(7) HULL v. Stockport.
(8) Rotherham v. Accrington.
(9) TRANMERE v. Wrexham.
*(10) YORK v. Carlisle.

SCOTTISH CUP—Round III.

(1) CLYDE v. St. Bernards.
(2) MOTHERWELL v. Celtic.
(3) Hearts v. RANGERS.
(4) Queen of South or Dundee United v. KILMARNOCK.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) DUNDEE v. Falkirk.
*(2) ST. MIRREN v. Leith.
(3) AIRDRIE v. Queen's Park.
(4) PARTICK v. Aberdeen.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

EXAMPLE CODE.—English Cup—7 (*H*); Southern Section—8 (*H*); Northern Section—3 (*H*); Scottish League—2 (*H*) would indicate Huddersfield, Norwich, Chester and St. Mirren.

Good-bye to Impetigo

Mrs. P. Oxley, 56, Gibraltar, Waterloo Road, Pudsey, nr. Leeds, *writes:* My boy was suffering from Impetigo from head to foot, and I could not bathe him owing to the sore places being so big. It occurred to me to try Clarke's Blood Mixture, and after three weeks' treatment I am thankful to say my boy has not a blemish left and is now in excellent health. I used no ointments, so can honestly say my boy recovered thanks only to Clarke's Blood Mixture. Later, my younger son also broke out with the same complaint and completely recovered after two bottles of Clarke's Blood Mixture.

THE REASON

Clarke's Blood Mixture is so successful is that it goes to the root of the complaint and removes the cause from the blood.

Famous for Blood & Skin Disorders, Rheumatic Complaints, Rashes, Eczema, Ulcers, Abscesses, etc.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

Now obtainable in TABLET form as well. Convenient and equally reliable as the liquid Clarke's Blood Mixture. *Of all Chemists and Stores 3/- per bottle.*

What I Look For In The Ideal Face Powder

By A Bond Street Beauty Specialist

The perfect face powder will stay on all day long whatever you are doing. Wind, rainy weather or even perspiration from sports or dancing will not affect it. It should be so fine and light as to be practically invisible on the face, and contain no gritty particles to enlarge the sensitive skin pores. All these requirements are found in the "Mousse of Cream" face powder.

Mousse of Cream is a marvellous new ingredient now blended by a patented process in Poudre Tokalon. That is what makes it so amazingly different from all other powders. Poudre Tokalon gives marvellous complexions of youth and beauty, yet perfectly natural looking. The worst greasy skin and shiny nose take on amazing new beauty. Try a shilling box of Poudre Tokalon to-day. If it does not make an immediate and astonishing improvement in your attractiveness money will be refunded without question.

SOLD IN BOTTLES
1/3 & 3/-
KOMPO
FOR
COLDS.
REGD.
BY ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

NEW HAIR

Grown on

BALDHEADS

By Using KOTALKO

A typical example of the enthusiastic praise accorded to Kotalko is the report of Mr. W. Jones, of Manningtree.

"I was practically bald," he states, "and **now I have an abundance of hair** which **my photo shows.**

"Like many others, I was disheartened because I had tried certain hair remedies, but all to no avail. At last I decided to use Kotalko, and I have **marvelled at the results.** Friends who saw my head before I used Kotalko—and who see it now—are simply amazed. I want it to be remembered that I **was nearly bald before I commenced using Kotalko.**"

TEST BOX COUPON.

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
2, Perry Street (33 T.B.), London, W.1.

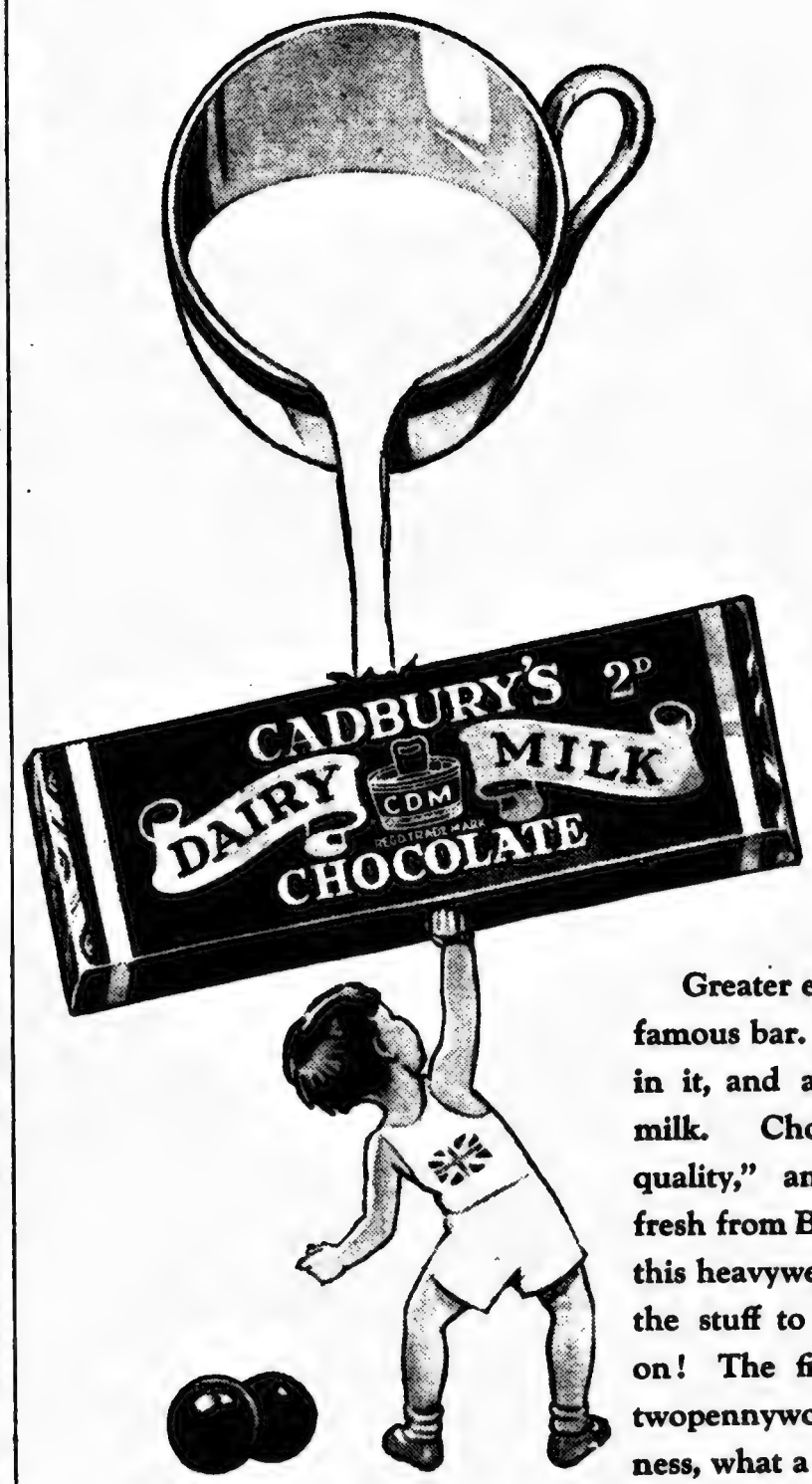
Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose fivepence in stamps.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Cadburys heavyweight 2D milk bar



Greater effort is now required to lift this famous bar. It's heavier. More chocolate in it, and a more generous half-cupful of milk. Chocolate of the true "Cadbury quality," and full-cream milk delivered fresh from BRITISH farms. That's the stuff this heavyweight bar is made of, and that's the stuff to bring up budding champions on! The finest food-sweet and the best twopennyworth in the shops! And goodness, what a flavour!

NOW HEAVIER - *Quality unchanged*

CHECK your CATARRH

WHY not banish that "everlasting cold-in-the-head" which means CATARRH . . . that irritating cough, that stuffed throat? It's easily done . . . . pop a POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLE in the mouth and let it clear all stuffiness, tickling and hoarseness—effectively and pleasantly.

Buy a handy size tin to-day—at all medicine vendors and stores, 1/3 a tin or 1/4½ post free from the makers:

POTTER & CLARKE, LTD.,
61a, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
(*Makers of POTTER'S Asthma Cure*).

Potter's CATARRH PASTILLES

WHY DO MEN LOSE VIGOUR?

There comes a time for every man when he finds he is losing his grip of things. It gets harder to work and to concentrate. You find it more and more difficult to make decisions. Pleasures of all sorts give you less satisfaction, tire you more easily.

That's because the strain and stress of modern life wear out your reserves too quickly. The ordinary things you eat and drink do not provide enough to keep you going. Yet there is one very pleasant way to make up the deficiency without indulging in drugs or medicines.

Just try the effect of a glass or two of Wincarnis! Wincarnis is simply the purest of fine wine with all its bouquet and aroma, combined with the best beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It provides the stimulant you require as well as the vigour-creating powers needed to restore your energy. It soothes jaded nerves, ensures quiet, restful sleep, brings new life to the sick and the aged, new vitality to all who are worn out or run down.

Try it to-day. You'll feel the benefit with your very first glass.

NEW TREATMENT KILLS STOMACH PAINS

AT last the whole medical profession is agreed on one subject. All over the country, in the clinics and all the leading hospitals, they are using what is known as the Maclean formula. It is curing all sorts of stomach troubles, even serious cases such as Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers, and now you can get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at any chemist ready packed for your own use. Now if you suffer from acid stomach, wind, flatulence, or pains after eating, you can get just the same relief as if you went to a great hospital.

Do not lose any time, try it to-day.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: Maclean Brand Powder is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

THIRD HUGE LIFE PENSION!

"JOHN BULL'S" UNIQUE X-WORD OFFER

£3 A WEEK FOR LIFE OR £1,250 CASH

AN EXTRA £50 FOR RUNNERS-UP

INTERESTING CLUES—EASY TO ENTER—NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

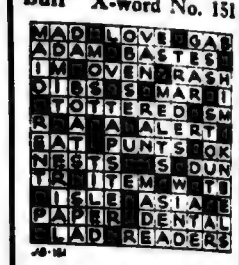
AGAIN this week "John Bull's" Crossword offers you a £3 a Week Pension for Life, the third of this sensational series. There is a lump sum of £1,250 should you prefer it—and £50 to be divided between the Runners-up. Study the clues, fill up the squares and independence for life may be yours!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 25th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 3rd.

(Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.)

Winners in X-Word No. 150 appear on page 14.

Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 151



Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 151 is given here as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, February 18th.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than 2 Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, March 3rd.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, March 15th,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible.

No claims required.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. { See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 153

JB·153 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*

JB·153

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thursday, Feb. 18, 1932

CLUES ACROSS.

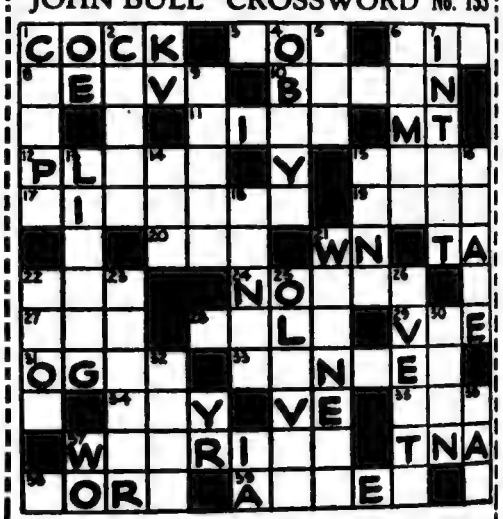
1. He's heard in the farmyard.
3. Helps an unemployed man.
6. What caused litigant's smile.
8. Lift up.
10. Sign of rank.
11. Told untruths.
12. Ask earnestly.
15. Is fixed on agreement.
17. Chief nurses.
19. On one occasion.
20. Before.
22. A piece.
24. Excessive sound.
27. First number.
28. Inflict injury.
29. Compete with.
31. Fairy-tale monster.
33. This makes us rub hands.
34. A beam.
35. Word expressing refusal.
37. Troubles.
38. Symbol of plenty.
39. Donkeys.

CLUES DOWN.

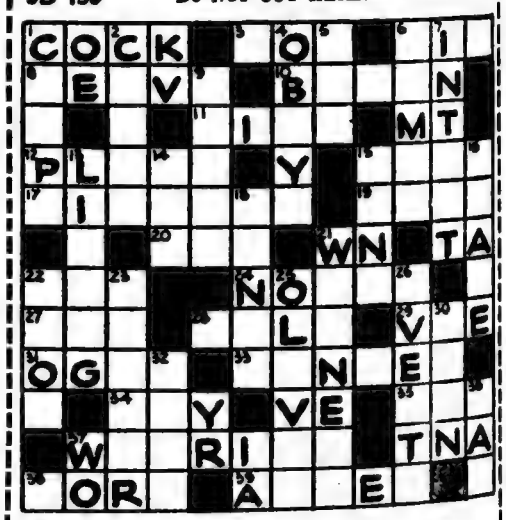
1. Hews.
2. Arc sometimes searched for smuggled goods.
4. Carries out orders.
5. Opposite of good.
6. Men marry them.
7. Uninjured.
9. One who is older.
13. If this is poor, you feel the cold.
14. Consumed.
15. They provide an education.
16. May be granted for a term.
18. Make new again.
21. He gives evidence in Court.
22. Publicity often makes this.
23. Extreme fear.
25. They provide salad oil.
26. Happenings.
30. Common metal.
32. Gain by labour.
36. Is often a knock.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 153



JB·153 *DO NOT CUT HERE.*



JB·153

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thursday, Feb. 18, 1932

☞ ADDRESS ENTRY:—"John Bull" Crosswords, No. 153, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

OUR BIG X-WORD PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT AGAIN! SEE PAGE

The Editor LAUGHS LAST

P. R. (Dorchester).—"How do taxpayers live?" Only just.

M. J. (Aberdeen).—"I enclose some photographs I took of winter sports held near here." Cold snaps.

AUTHOR (Buxton).—"What do you advise me to write in order to become popular?" A cheque.

H. M. (Penge).—"How can I retire on my capital?" Sleep with it under your pillow.

G. J. (Streatham).—"Is beauty only skin deep?" It was until cosmeticians added a couple of layers.

N. C. (Romford).—"What troubles a man most about his wife's hats?" Usually the number of them.

C. M. (Ilford).—"At a dance I caught my foot in a pretty girl's dress." And now you are held in her web?

G. M. (Nuneaton).—"Do you know I have a double?" Do you know he has our sympathy?

F. D. (Goole).—"I am writing this with a light heart." And not with a crossed nib, as we thought?

C. H. (Morden).—"The ancient Greeks wore short skirts." A vast number of ancient female Britons still do.

B. N. (Dundee).—"Why don't women marry geniuses?" Because it takes a genius to escape.

S. B. (Wisbech).—"Anybody who hoards money in times such as these is a miser." You mean marvel.

PRO (Maidstone). — "Many professional footballers are underpaid." More kicks than ha'pence.

S. H. (Brixham).—"Where do all the millions of imported eggs come from?" Hens.

J. K. (Plymouth).—"The firing of a cannon announced the opening of a big store in New York." Another trade boom.

L. B. (Thirsk).—"Do you agree that a husband should tell his wife everything?" Well, everything he's sure she'll find out.

D. W. (Chorley).—"Where are the two-a-penny eggs of 1913?" We have an idea that we came across one of them the other day.

G. N. (Bodmin).—"Why do some hostesses give such a lot of dances?" For the pleasure of not inviting certain friends.

D. S. (Oundle).—"I have written you seven letters in the past month. Have you received them?" Yes; the Post Office is terribly careful sometimes.

A. J. (Plymouth).—"Politicians are familiar with all the questions of the day." The difficulty is that they don't know the answers.

P. D. (Harrow).—"Is it true that women's feet are everywhere growing larger?" Well, a good many of them are filling men's shoes.

P. D. (Liverpool).—"What is the reason for the name of a 'finishing school'?" It is so called because of its effect on papa's bankbook.

F. W. (Hampstead).—"Is there any objection to treating a guest as one of the family?" Only that he might get mad and retaliate.

W. H. (Brighton).—"Is it possible for any English boy to become Prime Minister?" When you look at some who have you will see that it is more than easy.

W. W. (Mortlake).—"Do you think miracles happen at the magic hour of midnight?" Your wife would if you got home one night by that time.

F. N. (Swansea).—"Are curves and plump figures coming back into fashion?" If so, women have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

W. J. M. (Sidmouth).—"A burglar who broke into a house near here stole nothing but a bottle of milk." A cat burglar, evidently.

T. M. (Nuneaton). — "I was born in Feb." Many hap rets.

R. E. (Felpham). — "Golf is a rich man's game." But there are many poor players.

O. F. (Guildford). — "Something is preying on my mind." It must be very hungry.

J. M. (Cowes). —"My wife is a woman of few words." But is she always repeating them?

C. F. (Swanage). — "My uncle left me a cellar of fine old brandies." Then you'll honour the spirit of the departed.

T. B. (Cheam).—"I always laugh when I see anything funny." You must enjoy shaving.

S. T. (West Ham).—"The latest craze in Vienna is to dance without music." So jazz has at last reached Vienna.

POLITICIAN (London, W.).—"I couldn't stop a man mimicking me at a meeting." You should have told him not to act like an idiot.

E. S. (Norbury).—"Why do students at colleges where both sexes are educated grow such silly little moustaches?" Probably they consider that the evidence of modern garments is not definite enough.

T. S. (Dunfermline).—"I simply can't afford to buy my wife a new Spring outfit How shall I break the news to her?" Over the 'phone.

E. C. (Taunton).—"Is there any successful substitute for brains?" Only silence.

N. M. (Ely).—"The enclosed sample of polish will brighten anything." Then why not treat your letters with it?

R. M. (Bude).—"I tossed the pancake as I thought it would amuse the children." And it fell flat?

G. E. Q. (E.C.4).—"Some newspaper potentates seem to have very little sense of humour?" But think of their subtle sense of rumour.

F. B. (Bromley, Kent).—"More than two hundred policemen have been released for other duties owing to the latest traffic indicators." A signal success.

K. C. (Hammersmith).—"It's a pity no one can invent a machine for turning men into millionaires." A cash register will do it if you can keep it going all day.

B. T. (Chatham).—"Is it true that all the world loves a lover?" No; the experienced ones sympathise with him.

F. H. (Burnley).—"It pains me to write this letter." We are glad someone else had to suffer besides us.

W. R. (Lincoln).—"Why are such a lot of music-halls being turned into picture palaces?" Because sufficient people are not turning into music-halls.

A. G. M. (Bradford).—"A book of 600 pages lasts me only one evening." One page from a book we have will last you months. Let us send you one of fifty big cheques offered on page 35.

D. W. (Manchester.—"Why are doctors' waiting-rooms often draughty?" Possibly with a view to helping the cold *clientele*.

M. A. (Brixton).—"My doctor has recommended me to eat raw potatoes." Our cook has insisted upon that for months.

C. F. (Bradford). — "What is more delightful than to plunge into cold water on a brisk winter morning?" To lie in bed and forget it.

G. M. (Goole). — "An infuriated bull invaded the football ground a few minutes after we had started the game." Just too late for the toss?

D. S. (Welwyn). — "I composed the enclosed song in half an hour." It'll take longer than that to compose the people who have to listen to it.

S. M. (Rainham). — "Don't you think it would be foolish for me to marry someone my intellectual inferior?" Much worse than foolish—impossible!

P. B. (Buxton).—"Have you ever heard of a man who has made anything by opposing a woman's will?" Yes, a solicitor.

V. M. (Norwich).—"I can stay out all night with no distressing after effects." You must be a bachelor.

BILL (London, S.).—"I like the perfume she uses." You are being led by the nose.

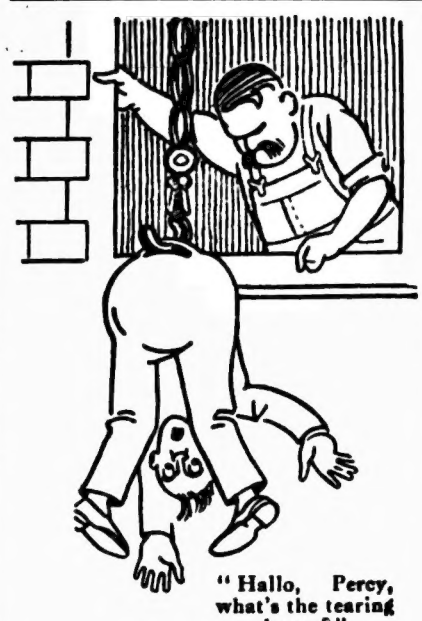
C. B. (Maidstone).—"The hospitals have put me on my feet." Now help to put them on theirs.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

ADAMSON—

—In a Hole



"Hallo, Percy, what's the tearing hurry?"

"Don't say tearing, George, you know I always wear

BOLENIUMS

THE SUPER OVERALLS THAT NEVER LET YOU DOWN

Worn by the man who knows. Stronger where the strain comes.

6'6 BIB & BRACE

Toughest of the tough, smartly cut, all seams double sewn.

Ask your outfitter. If you have any difficulty write direct:—

BOLENIUM OVERALLS

(Dept. I), Upton Park, London, E.13

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW

that when baby cries his pains are nearly always caused through **INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COLIC,** or **TEETHING,** and that in such cases the infallible, safe family remedy which has been recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses for over 75 years is

"GRIPE WATER"

Carminative (Brand)

MADE BY

WOODWARD

CHEMIST—LONDON.

A teaspoonful two or three times a day

KEEPS BABY WELL

It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion, and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.

SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON.

To **W. WOODWARD, Ltd.,**
51, Clapham Rd., London, S.W.9.
Please send me a FREE SAMPLE.
(Use block letters and mark envelope "SAMPLE.")

Name .....

Address .....

J.B.7. .....

A GREAT IDEA!

A Handsome Chair and Trouser Press Combined.

The "VeeCeeBee" Combined Bedroom Chair and Trouser Press is something more than a novelty. By day it is a piece of furniture of the finest workmanship, indistinguishable from an ordinary chair—by night an essential servant of the smart man's appearance, a powerful and efficient trouser-press. It both obviates the ordinary troublesome unsightly press and adds handsomely to the bedroom furniture. Made in a simple modern design, to suit any surroundings, in Oak, Walnut or Mahogany. Carriage Paid. **39/6**

Send P.O., stating finish required, direct to Sole Makers and Patentees.

V. C. BOND & SONS, LTD.
Dept. C., 61, The Grove, Mare Street, HACKNEY, London, E.8.

EXHAUSTED BY ANÆMIA.

One of the most serious effects of anæmia is the state of exhaustion to which it rapidly reduces its victims. They tire at the slightest exertion, and feel so "done up" that they can enjoy neither work nor pleasure.

If you are like this—languid and despondent, cannot climb the stairs without losing your breath; if you cannot eat, often feel ready to faint, and your face and lips are pale, then take heed, for anæmia must not be neglected.

There is one way and one way only to banish anæmia, and that is to get new blood. It is quite easy to do so if you take Dr. Williams' pink pills, for these pills create new blood—good rich blood for which your system is languishing. This new blood will soon restore the tinge of health to your cheeks, and give you the quick active step and the bright eye that go with perfect health.

Time after time the efficacy of Dr. Williams' pink pills in the treatment of anæmia has been proved. Try them for yourself and see how soon you will feel the benefit. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box—nothing else will do for the girl who needs new blood.

FREE. Every girl in the country should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

INFLUENZA!

TAKE

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

(70 YEARS REPUTATION)

The Great Preventive and Remedy for Influenza, Colds, Fevers and Infectious Diseases.

Sold in Bottles at 1/3

SEND FOR THIS

FENNINGS' EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR

POST FREE on application to ALFRED FENNINGS, Cowes, I.W.

WHEN WRITING PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3

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The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, and stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine.

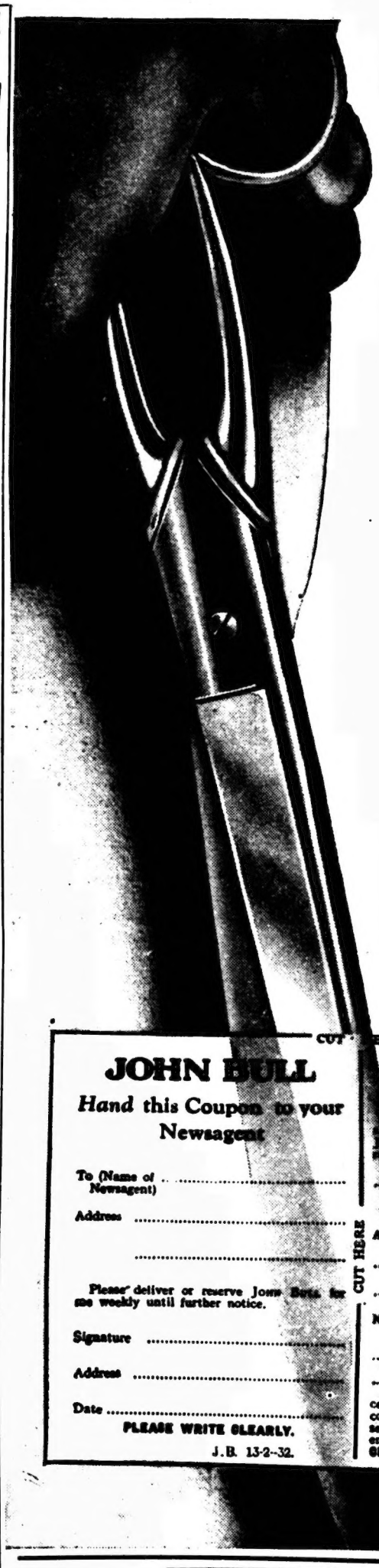
7/9 NOW

DUNLOP MAGNUM ROADSTER TYRES, WIRED EDGES.
STURMEY-ARCHER WORLD-FAMED THREE-SPEED GEAR.
DUNLOP MAGNUM CONICAL SPRING WATERPROOF SADDLE
HANS RENOLD CHAIN

Chromium plated Rims, Handle bars, &c., Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined, (All Black, if desired) Rear Light Reflector, Tool Bag, Pump, Spanners & Oilcan. Lady's & Gent's Model, same price £5.16.3

Terms: Send 7/9 now, and 14 monthly payments of 7/9. Fullest Approval. CATALOGUE FREE

J. S. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.



Get those Scissors *Now!*

Clip—clip—clip . . . it will only take a few seconds to cut out the Registration Forms below, and another two minutes to fill them in. But the moment you have posted the forms a wonderful thing happens:—

The contents of your home are covered against your most dreaded enemy—FIRE (up to £1,000).

Your possessions are covered against housebreakers and burglars up to £200.

You and your wife are covered against specified illnesses up to £10 10s.

Storm, Flood, Accidents in the Home and Garden, Sports Accidents, Children's Accidents—here are more wonderful Benefits which you would receive.

Taken out through an Insurance Company, comprehensive Home Protection such as this would cost you at least £2 2s. a year.

In addition a

10% BONUS

will be added to the Benefits payable to readers who have been registered for three months and over.

Thousands of "John Bull" readers were spurred into action the moment our Greatly Increased Free Insurance was announced. Eager hands dropped into the letter-box the all-important Registration Forms. Have *you* done so? If not, get those scissors now.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 13-2-32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

.....

Date .....

Use 1½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 13-2-32.

WINNER of £1,250 "BULLETS"

says:

"THE LEADER is the only competition paper I read. I would not change it for any other!"

WHAT finer testimonial could be required to prove that THE LEADER is absolutely indispensable to all competitors in BULLETS and other literary contests?

No other competition-solving paper devotes anywhere near as much space to constructive advice and expert criticism of all winning lines in current offers. This is but one of the reasons why THE LEADER sells as many copies each week as all competition-solving papers added together.

Why not ask your newsagent for a copy of the current issue and which deals with this week's BULLETS Offer?

Look at this Record!

BULLETS 834 - £1,250
BULLETS 833 - £500
BULLETS 831 - £2,000

and

35 OUT OF 46
BULLETS FIRSTS LAST YEAR

were won by regular readers of

The Leader

2D. SOLD EVERYWHERE 2D.

Remember—it's THE LEADER you want!

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance.

State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Cash the coupons

BE QUICK FOR "BULLETS" BIG 50!

LOOK at the wonderful array of big *Bullets* cheques which has been prepared for you this week! Any of these substantial prizes may be your reward for a few well-chosen words.

As many as fifty competitors are to win big money with a small outlay of thought, and if you are amongst them your prize may be anything from £5 up to £300. An added attraction is the fact that each of these fifty fine cheques is to be accompanied by any 7s. 6d. volume on the market which its winner may choose.

You can take a place in this week's long prize-list with the help of any of the *Examples* on this page. Read them through carefully, making a note of the first rough ideas they bring to your mind.

To develop one of these first thoughts into a prize-winning *Bullet*, compress it neatly into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which link up aptly with the *Example* chosen. Suppose, for instance, you selected the *Example* GATHERING STORM, the added words THANKS TO "THUNDERING" TAXES would complete a *Bullet*.

A careful study of the winners printed below will show you the type of effort which scores. Spend half-an-hour this evening making some good *Bullets*, and see that they arrive by Saturday, February 20.

£537 10s. CASH AND EXTRA PRIZES AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 835

Mr. G. J. OSTLER, 14, St. Mary's Street, Canterbury.
Example:—CLUMSY CHAP
Bullet:—DAD—"AWKWARD" WITHOUT HIM!

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. G. BAILEY, Unionist Club, Albion Road, North Shields.
Example:—Way Youth's Going
Bullet:—"Sound"—Forgive Noise!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Miss JOAN FOSTER, 73, Edward Street, Birmingham.
Example:—Britain's Star
Bullet:—Mr. Taxpayer, Bathroom Baritone.

£5 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

Nurse BOSWELL, Pear Tree Cottage, King's Head Hill, Chingford.
Britain's Star—Let "Empire's Variety" Raise.

W. DAVIES, The Bungalow, Mile End, Swansea.
Waiting On The Doorstep—Tax-collector Absent-mindedly Skims Milk.

J. DICKSON, Burnee Cottage, Fisheross, By Alloa, N.B.
Reign Of Terror—About All Gandhi's "Engineered."

Mrs. EVANS, 11, Foundry Place, Coedpenmaen.
Way Youth's Going—Natural—But So's Criticism.

L. FLAVELL, 64, Raffles Avenue, Carlisle.
To Win Her—Don't Entirely Neglect "Appearances."

T. GILGROVE, Marsh Greens, Frodsham.
Village Dance—"Raising Wind"—Rocking Hall.

B. M. HARRIS, 27, Albatross Street, Plumstead Common, S.E.
Our Highbrows—Up The *Wireless* Pole.

D. H. JAMES, 26, King's Drive, Wigston.
Worth Watching—Britain—Britain's Watching That.

Mrs. M. E. PREVOST, 24, Windsor Road, Thornton Heath.
She Loved Him. But—Church Raised "*Unjust* Impediment."

K. RHODES, Lingards Wood Lodge, Marsden.
Pressure Of Business—Prevented League Stopping War!

£2 10s. AND GRAMOPHONE:

J. J. FOSTER, 219, Old Lane, Hollington, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Withering—"Oak" Isn't—Touch Wood!

A. HOLLINGWORTH, 27, Thames Street, Bulwell, Notts.
He Kept His Head And—*Fainted* When Spinster Proposed.

K. MASTERS, 31, Chester Street, Middlesbrough.
Our Highbrows—Murmur "Comedy? How Tragic!"

T. M. MICHELL, Penhale, Feock, Truro.
Way Youth's Going—"Smoother"—Hence The "Skids."

Mrs. NEWMAN, 4, Kenilworth Gardens, Blackpool.
Pressure Of Business—In Nature's Kingdom, Spring.

F. B. OWEN, "Livingstone," St. Barnabas Road, Woodford Green.
To Win Her—Approval, Don't Always Approve.

E. W. SCULL, 37, Newbridge Road, Bath.
Is Romance Dead?—Evidently—Daughter's Home Early.

J. THOMPSON, 8, Craighall Crescent, Leith.
Off The Road—Commercials—Our Firm "Economising"!

Mrs. WALTERS, Higher Pristacott, Ashwater, Devon.
Shouldn't Remain—Without Voice, "Voice Within."

—. WYN, 16, Bracton Drive, Gordon Road, Nottingham.
Blunt Words—Often "In Request" To-day.

A list of 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

The original cheque for £1,250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 834 will be displayed in the window of Mr. W. Riley, 84, Albert Road, Ilford.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded to that in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness of phrase and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed / & Co. /. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 838

ALL NATIONS	BLOCKING THE PATH	AT THE TRADESMAN'S ENTRANCE
GATHERING STORM	TOO SLOW	IF SHE LIKES
UNCONCERNED	WOMAN IN THE SHOP	HIS TROUBLE
IF DEBTS WERE CANCELLED	FAINTLY	DEARER
TO SAVE TROUBLE	WINNING THROUGH	SOWING THE SEEDS
BIG GUNS	NOTHING FRESH	OVERDUE
YOUNG PEOPLE	STIFF CLIMB	LIFE'S A BURDEN WHEN
SNUBBED	ANOTHER DAY	THE GOAL-KEEPER
I MAY BE A FOOL, BUT	DAD GAVE A PARTY AND	ONCE A MAN
WIPED OUT	LIVING DANGEROUSLY	IN THE HALL OF FAME
MAKES US WONDER	LIKE A LADY	

Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(838) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 20. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(838) P.O No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 20. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(838) P.O No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 20. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____
Bullet
Example _____
Bullet
(838) P.O No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 20. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in more than eight "Bullets," you can write them on plain paper.

ADDRESS ENTRY:
"Bullets" No. 838, "John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS IN "BULLETS" No. 837.
Owing to a printing error in "Bulletin" No. 160, both THANKS TO THE HOSPITALS and TO HELP THE HOSPITALS will be accepted as "Examples" for the £5,000 contest closing February 13.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 838 usually purchase "John Bull."

Use this Coupon to secure
FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to lift you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose 6d. P.O. No..... (made payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on twelve issues of "Bullets Bulletin" commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

"John Bull" appeals to every reader to enter for the Great

HELP-THE-HOSPITALS CONTEST

£20,000 for 6D

Must-be-won. No Claims Required.

Special entry form for "John Bull" Readers.

All Profits to the Hospitals!

CLOSING MARCH 12

Send in your entry early!

HAVE **you** yet entered the great £20,000 Contest to Help the Hospitals? Every reader of "John Bull" is eligible to compete and "John Bull" appeals to you, in your own interests as well as those of Britain's Hospitals, to send in your entry and **to send it early.**

On this page is your Entry Form containing 28 Hospital slogans. All that you are asked to do is to select the best twelve. Indicate your choice by placing a cross against each of the twelve selected in the blank spaces provided on your Entry Form. Use one column for each sixpenny entry. You are not asked to put the slogans you select in any order of merit—and there are no claims required.

Every penny of profit from this Contest goes to help the Hospitals throughout the country and every penny of the prize-money is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald." The Contest is organised by the British Charities Association, a famous body which has already distributed £225,000 to Hospitals and other Charities.

An Appeal from "John Bull"

The Hospitals are in urgent need—it is the duty of one and all to help. "John Bull" appeals to all his readers to enter for this Great Contest. Every entry means Help for the Hospitals and an opportunity to win £20,000.

Help the Hospitals!

The gigantic first prize of £20,000 must be won and an extra £5,000, making £25,000 in all, will be paid to the prize-winner if he or she should be a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald."

Enter at once and get your friends to enter, too. These 28 Slogans are waiting for you to test your judgment and skill. Which are the 12 best Slogans? Study them carefully and remember that on your choice may depend a fortune of £20,000—by far the greatest prize of its kind ever offered. Think what it will mean—wealth, independence, and all your dreams come true. You can send five entries on the form on the right provided that you enclose 6d. for each entry column you complete. Just twelve crosses to win £20,000 or even £25,000!

The closing date for this colossal Contest is Saturday, March 12th. Make your entry now while you think of it—forgetfulness may cost you a fortune.

RULES AND CONDITIONS (1) Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2) Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form, and the Subscription for the Competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3) In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4) Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to Dept. J.B.4, **BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

(5) After the close of the competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of eminent Hospital Authorities and Publicity Experts, who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided. If the first prize is divided the additional prize of £5,000 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7) The British Charities Association reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and efficient, and the decision of the Council of the Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Association takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8) Employees of the British Charities Association, the "Daily Herald," and its associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9) The closing date for the receipt of entries is Saturday, March 12th, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

FURTHER ENTRY FORMS APPEAR EACH DAY IN THE "DAILY HERALD."

Great "Daily Herald" Help-the-Hospitals Contest

Organised by The British Charities Association
Chairman: Lord Luke.
1st Prize—£20,000
£5,000 extra if winner is a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald."
2nd Prize—£250: 3rd Prize—£100

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Hospital Slogans by placing a X against those selected, in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE —OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. Ink must be used.

Help the Hospitals!	One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓
1 —To pity is human—to give, divine.					
2 —A little down helps someone up.					
3 —Our first aid needs your aid first.					
4 —There's a welcome in Hospital for any "Milo" of yours.					
5 —They're a National Credit—their support a National Debt.					
6 —A cot—means a lot—to some tot!					
7 —Better to give than receive—Hospital Treatment.					
8 —To someone it may mean—"Your money or my life."					
9 —They deserve our praise and preserve our days.					
10 —Give a Helping Hand to Helping Hands.					
11 —"L.S.D." means Lives Saved Daily.					
12 —Give well to make well.					
13 —Coins cannot calculate but every copper counts.					
14 —They need more help to help more.					
15 —They put you on your feet—give them a hand.					
16 —A good prescription—your subscription.					
17 —If Health is Wealth, Hospitals are the Mint.					
18 —We need your help—you may need ours.					
19 —We cannot say "come in" unless we have an income					
20 —Lives are in our hands—our lives are in yours!					
21 —The key to the Hospital problem is—in your pocket!					
22 —Your little bit may make somebody fit.					
23 —Your "present" may decide someone's future.					
24 —The health of each is the concern of all.					
25 —Give and let live.					
26 —Someone will thank you—for Life!					
27 —We're building health—be a brick and help.					
28 —Patients have Faith—doctors, Hope—have you Charity?					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules and enclose

P.O. Number.....value.....covering.....entries.

P.O. is crossed /& Co./ and is made payable to the British Charities Association.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

(Block Letters) .....

(Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) J.B.4

—Cut Along Here—

Address your Entry: (Dept. J.B.4), British Charities Association, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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